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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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THE PHANTOM SHIP OF THE GOODWINS

DANGER OUT OF THE NORTH FLOATING MOUNTAINS IN THE ATLANTIC

**Icebergs that Existed before the First Steamship was Built
2000 MILLION TONS ON THE MOVE**

Icebergs are now coming down from the Frozen North and endangering shipping in the Atlantic.

All steamships have to be careful at this season, for the peril of the iceberg is great, and what it can do to even the strongest and most splendid works of man was shown in the case of the ill-fated Titanic.

In order to protect shipping the American Government has established an ice patrol off the North Atlantic coast. This begins in March, when the first icebergs begin to float south, and it is continued through April, May, and June until the peril is over for the year.

This year's reports declare that the iceberg menace is exceptionally serious, the mild winter probably causing a more extensive break-up than usual of the ice-fields in the North.

A Mountain of Ice

Warnings giving the position and direction of the icebergs are first wireless to the Government radio stations on shore, and are thence broadcasted for the benefit of the many vessels crossing the Atlantic.

An iceberg is as much a mountain as is Snowdon or Mount Everest. All the materials of which the Earth's crust is made will take the liquid form at certain temperatures, and water happens to have this form at the normal temperatures at which we live. But when the cold is very great the water freezes and becomes a hard solid, like granite or limestone or flint.

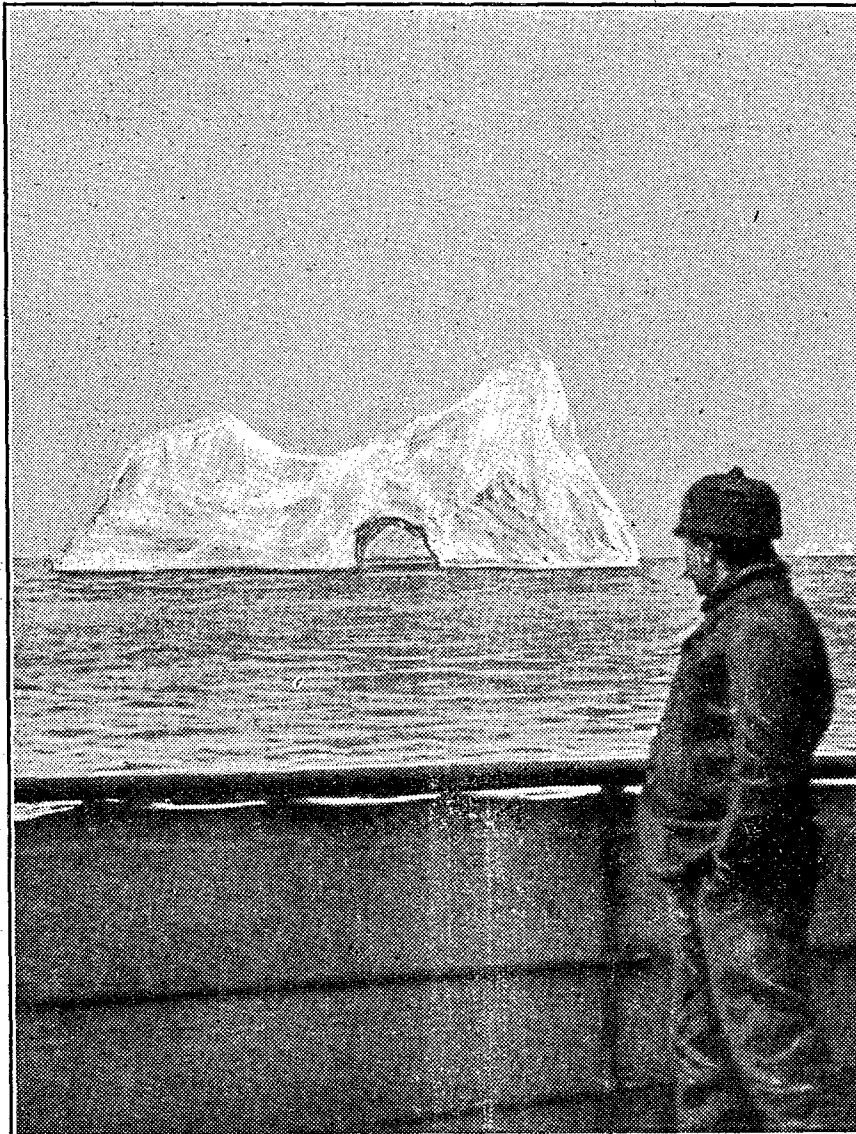
It is, therefore, just as dangerous for a ship to run into an iceberg as it would be for the vessel to collide with a mountain of serpentine or any other rock rising out of the sea.

An Iceberg in the Tropics

Nothing that man can make can compare with an iceberg. The Great Pyramid of Egypt is a gigantic work and contains about six million tons of material; but many an iceberg contains two thousand million tons, or enough to make 333 Great Pyramids. Icebergs have been seen that towered 1500 feet or more into the air, yet only about a seventh is above water, so that such an iceberg must measure more than two miles from bottom to top.

Of course, when these mountains break off from the vast Arctic glaciers and icefields and float south, they begin to melt rapidly, but they can get very far down in the Atlantic or Pacific and still be a serious menace to shipping. Last year a great iceberg that could have wrecked the biggest ship afloat

A Century-Old Foe Floats South



Icebergs floating down from the Arctic are a great peril to shipping in the Atlantic at this season of the year. Many of them weigh millions of tons, and it is strange to think that they were being formed in the Frozen North more than a century ago, before the first steamship had been launched. See next column

was seen floating past the Hawaiian Islands in the Tropics.

Perhaps the greatest marvel of these floating mountains is that in many cases, if not in most, those that come down to the shipping routes of the Atlantic and Pacific were built up in the Frozen North longer than a century ago—that is, before the first steamship was built.

Snow falls on snow and is frozen into hard, solid ice, and then it is pressed slowly down the mountain-side till it forms part of the great permanent ice-field that covers the regions surrounding the North Pole. With scarcely perceptible motion it is pressed farther and farther south until at last it breaks off and floats away. But all this takes many years to accomplish, and so it is that the icebergs men see in the Atlantic were the work of the Frost King in the long ago.

As the iceberg melts it changes its shape, and often the centre of gravity is so displaced that the whole mountain turns over in the sea with a roar and a crash that can be heard for miles. A proposal has recently been made that the big icebergs and extensive ice-floes

should be broken up by dynamite before they reach the shipping routes.

Shipwreck is not the only danger to be feared from floating icebergs. The people of Iceland often have to contend with numbers of Polar bears carried over from Greenland to their country on icebergs. When this happens the foe has to be met and fought by parties of armed men, who organise themselves for the purpose.

Occasionally Eskimos and explorers are carried away from the land on huge icebergs that have broken off from the icefield and begun to float out to sea, and at such times the peril is great. The work of rescue is not easy, partly owing to the size of the iceberg, which towers up like a mountain, and partly owing to the danger of the iceberg capsizing as it melts and swamping the rescue boats.

"Icebergs in the Atlantic" does not sound very romantic when we read the short announcement in the newspapers, but there is a world of romance lying behind the fact, and, as our existence depends on the safety of the trade routes across the seas, we are all personally interested in the news.

NATURE PLAYS A TRICK

LIFEBOAT'S FRUITLESS JOURNEY

The Phantom Ship on the Goodwin Sands

STRANGE PRANKS OF A RAY OF LIGHT

It is not often that a lifeboat plays a part in a comedy. As a rule it plays heroic parts in dramas of real life; but the other day the Deal lifeboat—hero of many gallant rescues—was the victim of a strange and curious natural hoax.

It discerned on the treacherous Goodwin Sands a large vessel stranded. True to its traditions, it rushed to the rescue. With bulging canvas and flashing oars, it sped across the waves, and a little band of motor-boats and sailing-boats followed in its wake. Soon the sands were reached, but lo! the great ship was gone, and there was nothing to be seen save a few seals and seagulls.

The Mystery Ship

The lifeboat crew hailed the men on the Goodwin lightship, who had been surprised to see the lifeboat and its companions setting forth, and asked what had become of the stranded vessel.

"There was no vessel here," answered the lightshipmen. "You have been misled by a mirage, and have come on a wild-goose chase."

It was a fact. The sun and the mist had actually deceived the experienced seamen, and the stranded ship was only an optical illusion.

So distinct and so persistent was the mirage that for more than an hour people on the beach at Deal gazed at the phantom ship, and found it difficult to believe that it was not real.

Mirages in this country are comparatively rare, but in hot desert countries they are quite common. They are all due to the same cause—to bendings and distortions of the rays of light by strata of air of different densities. We see the same principle at work when a spoon is apparently bent in a glass of water.

Explorer's Strange Experience

Sometimes the mirage merely displaces objects, so that an object far away and below the horizon may appear above the horizon and quite near; sometimes it shows the object upside down.

In the Arctic regions mirages at sea are not uncommon, and whale-fishers often see images of ships when the ships themselves are below the horizon. Sometimes the mirage is double, one image being upright, and the other immediately over it upside down.

When Dr. Scoresby was cruising near Greenland in 1822, he saw a ship upside down in the sky, and recognised it as the image of his father's ship. In 1854 the crew of the screw steamer Archer, when in the Baltic, saw images of the English fleet of 19 vessels upside down.

A FINE DAY WEATHER FORECAST THAT WENT ASTRAY Tongue of Sunshine Thrust Out From France THE RAIN THAT NEVER CAME

By Our Weather Correspondent

Those of us who watch the daily Weather Forecasts opened our morning newspapers on Saturday, March 24, with sinking hearts.

A fine day for the great occasion of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race was the least thing the fates might have given, but, with the University Athletic Sports and innumerable football events of outstanding importance on the same day, the coldly official "rain or drizzle" was almost as depressing as such weather itself would have been.

Nevertheless the Boat Race, the University Sports, and the Cup-ties were contested, as we all know, in ideal weather conditions, and we are perhaps justified in asking why we were given such a fright as the promise of rain.

How Weather Forecasts are Made

Official weather forecasts are based principally on observations of the height of the barometer in different parts of the north-west of Europe; that is, upon the distribution of air-pressure.

For some days previous to March 24 the conditions had been unfavourable. A large area of low pressure was situated over the north-eastern Atlantic and was steadily moving eastward toward us.

On the mainland of the continent, particularly over Norway and Switzerland the air-pressure was higher, but the general air movement was from the west to a great height in the atmosphere, and everything pointed to the depression extending farther eastward and bringing with it damp, cloudy, and rainy conditions.

This fear was not removed by the appearance on Friday morning of secondary depressions in the neighbourhood of the English Channel.

The Threat of Rain

These small low-pressure areas which commonly form on the outskirts of large Atlantic low-pressure areas are often more active than the parent body from which they have originated. They frequently move rapidly across the country, most often from west to east, and bring heavy, if rather local, showers.

A secondary depression is seldom an isolated phenomenon—they follow one another in families, and when one has passed the weather forecaster, if he is wise, will keep a sharp look-out for indications of the approach of another.

On the evening of March 23, the day before the Boat Race, a secondary depression was passing north-eastward up the Channel and along the east coast of Great Britain, and rain was general over a large area; the large parent depression still loomed threateningly in the west and appeared ready to send off another in its wake.

The First Spring Day

What actually happened, however, was that the continental high-pressure belt thrust out a tongue of fine weather from France over the south of England. The depression passed away to the north, giving rain in Scotland and overcast conditions as far south as Yarmouth, but over London gentle westerly breezes and balmy sunshine constituted the first warm spring day, and brought pleasure to half a million of London's sport-loving population.

Weather forecasts depend upon air movements so difficult to foresee that it would be unjust to criticise them too severely because they are sometimes in error. It is enough for us to know that the solution is being sought on the right lines, by scientific deduction, and not by mere haphazard guesswork, as some people appear to think.

BRITAIN'S WORD HER BOND 834 Warships Scrapped Since the Armistice SETTING A GOOD EXAMPLE

It is the practice of Great Britain to keep her word in great matters and small, whatever the cost to her.

When the Washington Conference was held to arrange for the cutting down of the world's expensive navies five countries promised to get rid of their warships till their navies compared with each other in proportions that had been agreed upon.

Great Britain has kept her share of the promise in spirit and in fact. Whether any of the other countries have done the same is open to doubt, and it is certain some of them have not.

That Britain has kept her word in every respect was doubted by Mr. Hughes, the American Secretary of State, and he publicly expressed his doubts on several points; but further inquiry having shown that he had been misinformed, Mr. Hughes has admitted he was wrong.

The truth is that since the war Great Britain has destroyed two million tons of warships that were part of the greatest war fleet that ever put to sea. Here is the list:

Battleships	..	35	Torpedo-boats	..	95
Cruisers	..	83	Submarines	..	101
Destroyers	..	280	Other warships	..	240

However the nations may shake the foundations of international morality by breaking their pledged word, Great Britain has taken an entirely different standard as her guide; and below that standard we do not think any British Party would fall if it had responsibility, though repudiation is a favourite word with a few hot-heads.

CAPTAIN COOK'S DIARY Bought by Australia for £5000 LABOURER'S SON WHO BECAME AN EMPIRE BUILDER

Looked at from any point of view, the sale of Captain Cook's diary of his voyage in the Endeavour, when he revealed Australia to the world, and the purchase of that diary by New South Wales for its National Library at Sydney at the cost of £5000, are facts over which we should all rejoice.

For look in the first place at the fine proof of fame this transaction gives. Captain Cook was one of the Englishmen who most richly deserved fame. His father was a day labourer in a Yorkshire village, Marton-in-Cleveland, and the boy was taught to read by the wife of his father's employer.

From this humble beginning James Cook rose till his name was known throughout the world as a discoverer, and now the log-books of his ship and the charts he so carefully drew, are sold for large sums, while his diary becomes a national possession in the island continent toward which he turned the eyes of the world, and at the price of a modest fortune.

It is significant that the manuscript of the diary has been preserved in the village where the roving captain was born. A German ironmaster living in the village bought the seaman's manuscripts, and there they have remained till now, when they are dispersed by sale.

That New South Wales should acquire this manuscript, which tells how the world came to see her attractions through the eyes of Captain Cook, is the happiest of endings. It shows that the pride of time is beginning to stir in the lands that are the daughters of Britain.

History is being acknowledged there as a power over human sentiment, and the charm of history will inevitably make strong the bonds of Empire.

AEROPLANES FOR ALL The Little Brain That Keeps the Machine Steady A PROFESSOR'S WONDERFUL INVENTION

Professor Raimond Nimfuhr, a distinguished Austrian, claims to have invented an apparatus which automatically adapts an aeroplane to any air currents it may meet.

The learned professor made a careful study of the manner in which insects use their antennae to preserve their balance, and his apparatus imitates the balancing action of an insect's antennae.

It is described as a sensory organ or brain, and contains delicately-balanced feelers or surfaces which are moved by the air currents, and in turn operate tiny motors which move the controlling planes of the aeroplane, so as to maintain it in steady flight, however unsteady and rough the wind may be. An aeroplane provided with such a brain will automatically balance itself and the airman only need steer.

The apparatus has already been tested, and has been found to act remarkably well, and Professor Nimfuhr prophesies that soon little cheap aeroplanes provided with these brains will be constructed so that all of us will be able to fly about under the sky like birds.

SNEEZING AT A PILLAR BOX

Queer Effect of Shaken Nerves

Speak crossly to your little boy
And beat him when he sneezes,
He only does it to annoy
Because he knows it teases.

There is a man who sneezes every time he looks at a red object. A red pillar box is like a pepper box to him; as soon as he sees it he sneezes, sneezes, sneezes. A red rose to his nose is like a red rag to a bull.

Many people sneeze when suddenly entering sunlight, and others require very small provocation to make them sneeze. The action is indeed a device of Nature to free the nostrils from irritating and harmful objects and substances, such as germs; and the sneezing which often precedes a cold is just Nature's effort to expel the germs which have alighted on the mucous membrane.

But a man who sneezes every time he sees red is suffering from excessive nervous irritability. The nerves of his nose are, so to speak, all on edge and jumpy, and the sneezing is a sign that his general health is poor and that he has been injuring his nervous system by too much work, or anxiety, or excitement.

CANADA'S BOYS Proposed Dominion Parliament

While there has been a great deal of enthusiasm aroused in Canada over the idea of a Dominion Boys' Parliament, to sit at Ottawa in addition to the various Provincial bodies, it is not likely that the Boys' Work Board will make any move in this direction for some time.

Owing to the long distances many of the members would have to travel the expenses would be very heavy, and, in any event, it would seem advisable to wait until the local parliaments are on a firmer footing.

The Boys' City and Municipal Councils, however, are flourishing. Toronto, Winnipeg, and Edmonton all have Boy Mayors and Junior City Councils. Dozens of rural districts have their Boys' Municipal Councils, all working like beavers for the four-square development of Young Canada.

THE GIANTS THAT MARCHED TO ROME HANNIBAL'S LIVING TANKS

City of a Million People Wiped
off the Map

THE ELEPHANTS THAT CROSSED THE ALPS

If the story is true of the discovery of remains of Hannibal's elephants, it will be one of the most interesting of all historical discoveries.

In Hannibal's day the stables of these giants contained never fewer than 300 African elephants, the animals which modern men declare untamable. Hannibal took 100 of these great beasts with him when he started on that immortal expedition during which for nearly twenty years he was to march conquering through Italy.

Of all the wonders he achieved, nothing equalled the feat of getting his elephants over the snow-clad Alps. He did not bring all to safety; only 37 set out for the long trail on the other side of the Rhône, and but a dozen made the marvellous journey up the mountains and down into the realms of Rome. Unending war brought even these to ruin, so that but one remained in the end, and on that Hannibal rode.

Symbol of Eternity

These great beasts were the first tanks, Hannibal's living, moving fortresses. When Hannibal fell Carthage fell, and the city, once the home of a million people, was passed under the conquering Romans' plough and utterly destroyed. We should not know of Hannibal's feats with the elephants but for Roman historians and gold Carthaginian coins bearing the emblem of an elephant. Hannibal's countrymen knew that the animal was long-lived, and they adopted it as the symbol of eternity. Alas, Carthage is a rubbish-heap and the eternal elephants are a pitiful wreck of dead, dry bones.

But Hannibal was not the first man to press these titans into service. Pyrrhus was still earlier. He took with him a number of elephants into Italy for the great battle of Tarentum, and the terror which they inspired helped him to that dreadful and costly conquest of which he said, "Another such victory and I must return to Epirus alone."

A King's Famous Hunt

Earlier still, the elephant was in use in Mesopotamia. There stands to this day the famous Assyrian "Black Obelisk" with a domesticated elephant sculptured on it, as it has stood since 840 B.C. But we have an actual record of elephant hunting in language as vivid as anything that could be written today.

It is a famous Egyptian document from the reign of Thotmes the Third, describing an expedition to Ni in the land of Naharain, which is now called Mesopotamia.

He (the King) hunted 120 elephants for the sake of their tusks. I engaged the greatest among those which attacked His Highness. I cut his trunk through while he was yet alive. He pursued me when I went into the water between two rocks. Then my Royal Lord rewarded me with golden gifts.

Mysterious Fate of the Elephants

Perhaps some of the ivory recently found resulted from that great hunt, for the reign of Tutankhamen was to follow this text written in the days of the third Thotmes by one named Amenemhib. But the elephants of Hannibal served no such purpose in after-life; their bones and tusks remained in the stables to come to light today.

It would be fascinating to know how the animals met their end. Were they killed or allowed to starve where they were chained, and did it happen at the time of the overthrow of the city which had challenged Rome for the mastery of the world?

MAKING THE TOWN UGLY

FLASHING SIGNS THAT SPOIL THE NIGHT

The Right and the Wrong Way of Advertising

HOW TO HELP THE ARCHITECT

By Our Economic Correspondent

For years past public-spirited people have vainly protested against making our beautiful countryside ugly by the erection of glaring advertisements.

In every prospect, however beautiful, and along every railway line, we see erected great structures of wood and enamelled iron, covered in gaudy colours.

Our towns, also, are plastered with coloured paper, so that many a beautiful piece of architecture is thoroughly spoiled by its contrast with hideous hoardings and posters.

Electric Advertisements

Bad as such advertisements are, however, until lately we had the consolation of losing sight of them when the night came. With the setting of the sun, the advertisements also disappeared. We are now faced, however, with a new assault on the vision in the shape of illuminated signs.

They are breaking out everywhere. Some of the main London thoroughfares are lined at night-time with electric advertisements, each an attempt to out-do the other in the novelty of its colouring and movement. Some of the signs appear a letter at a time, as if written with a finger of fire; others change in hue from second to second. Sometimes wheels are used to give revolving effects. And there are more daring experiments in the shape of flashes of light darting upwards from the ground floor to the top of the building.

Is Architecture Doomed?

As a consequence all the beauty and quiet of the night are lost. Buildings of good proportions, designed by first-rate artists, become mere hoardings for the display of flashing advertisements.

And it is not in the night alone that we suffer from such signs. The devices need frameworks of great strength, and in the daytime these frames show as a sort of network of ugliness covering the face of the buildings. So that what we get from them in the day is almost as bad as the exhibition by night.

If this sort of thing is to go on, then architecture is finally doomed, for what avails it for a clever architect to design a beautiful building when, as soon as it is erected, its beautiful lines are to be smothered by night and by day with a covering of tubes and wires and lamps for the purpose of flashing night signs?

The Right Kind of Illumination

In such circumstances it is an obvious waste of money to put up a beautiful building. If the erection is to become a flashing advertisement it might as well be constructed as a hoarding in the first place. Architecture should modestly retire from the scene, and let the building be so constructed as to lend itself to the largest possible number of tawdry illuminations. It is an insult to one of our noblest professions, Architecture, and no less to one of our most necessary trades, Building, to construct well-designed premises merely to make them vulgar exhibitions.

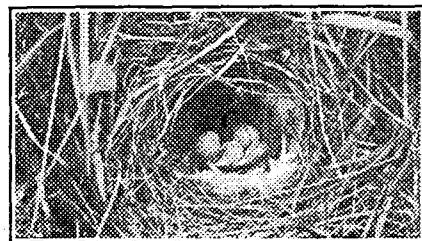
There is a way of illuminating a building, and of advertising its business, that is at once beautiful and effective, and the fact that it exists should render impossible such ugly things as we have here complained of. One great store with a pillared front is illuminated by rays thrown up from concealed lights in such a way as to make the whole building stand out with a beautiful effect and thus help the architect.

There is only one consolation about the flashing designs. It is that they will help to bring about new laws to protect the beauty of our towns and countryside.

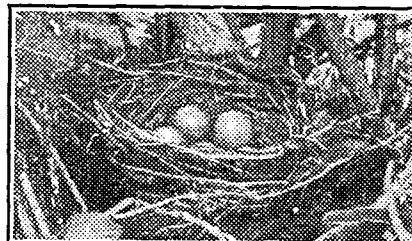
THE BIRDS BEGIN TO BUILD



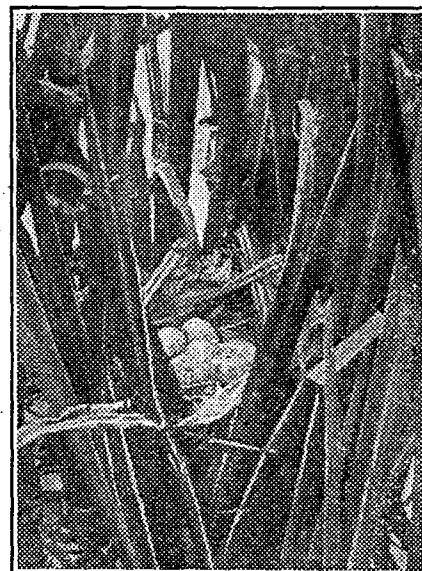
The rooks busy repairing the nests in their rookery



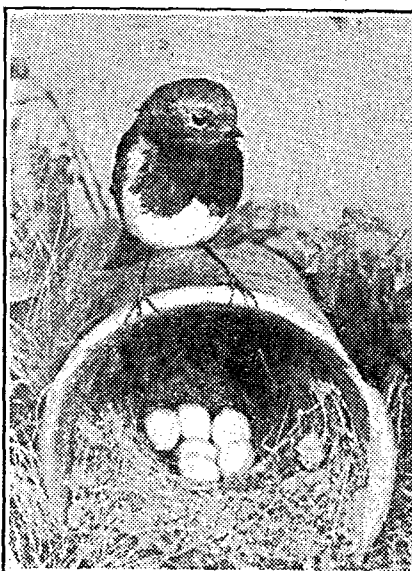
Willow wren's nest on a grassy bank



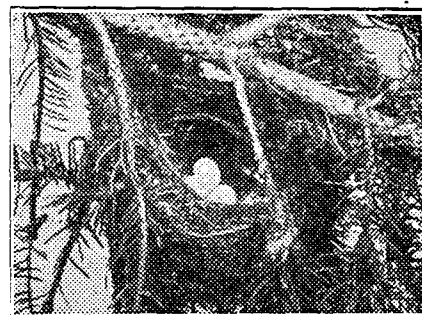
A blackbird's nest



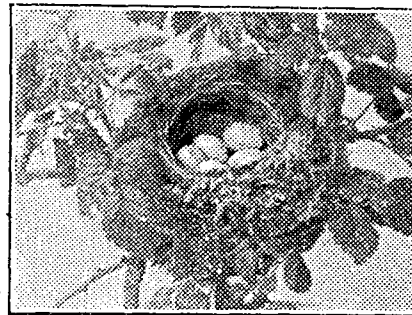
The nest of a moorhen



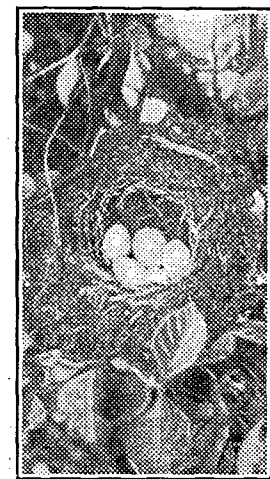
The robin builds in a flower-pot



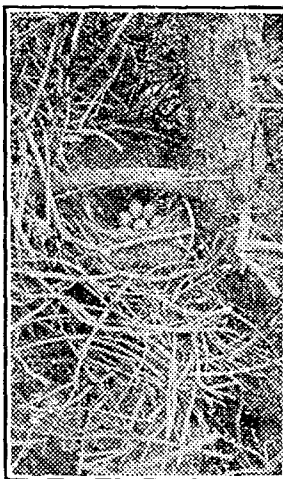
Nest of a gold-crested wren



Chaffinch's nest on a bramble bough



Hedge sparrow's nest



Magpie's nest



Nest of the song thrush

With the coming of spring the birds become active, and the countryside now resounds with their courting songs. Nests are being built in tree and hedgerow, and soon myriads of young birds will be twittering everywhere. Here are some of the nests that are already built

A POT OF GOLD

Treasure-Trove of Old Spain

SURPRISE FOR A FARMER

Numbers of people feebly amuse themselves by fancying what would happen if, by a miracle of good fortune, they should happen to find buried treasure.

Such an experience has come to two American labourers in a way that is rather quaint as well as surprising.

An American farmer, living in a part of the United States that was settled long ago, was pulling down some old buildings before building himself a new barn. With him at work were two helpers, or labourers. The farmer, having tired himself, went in the afternoon into his house to have a rest, while his men continued digging a foundation for the barn.

One of the men, using a long-handled shovel with a pointed blade, suddenly struck something in the ground. He hit it again sharply. Then he found he had knocked the top off a little oval-shaped chest that was buried in the ground.

What he saw in the chest caused him to run into the house to fetch his employer. But the employer would not believe anything particular had happened, and at first would not go out to see. The two diggers were offering to go halves with him; but he said, "You boys found it and you can divide it between you."

Then he went out, and saw that what his men had found, and he had given away to them, was a chest of old Spanish gold coins, the most recent being dated 217 years ago, and the earliest 323 years ago. Most of them were still as bright as when they had been buried. There were also some valuable stones, and a parchment with illegible writing on it.

That is the end of the story as far as we know it; but it will be stranger still if the two labourers keep all the gold.

THE LENGTHENING DAY Slowing Down of the Earth's Rotation

As summer-time approaches the days grow longer and longer; but by that we mean that the hours of daylight increase at the expense of the night. There is another meaning.

The days are actually growing longer, though by such slow degrees that no one can notice the change. If anyone lived to be a century old, at the end of that time the day on which he died would be only one-thousandth of a second longer than the day on which he was born.

This fact is pointed out by Dr. D. H. Poole in a learned paper he has just written on the slowing down of the Earth's rotation by the daily action of the tides produced on the surface of the oceans and the continents.

As is well known, the land is lifted up daily as well as the sea, so that, for example, St. Paul's rises and falls several feet each day, although, as the whole of England shares in the movement, we do not perceive it.

Dr. Poole's investigation was to discover whether the daily movement actually pushed the continent of Europe gradually to the west. He thinks that perhaps the continent may be thus "going west" as the crust of the Earth slides over its interior.

SAFETY FIRST FOR THE STREETS

Why Not Use Safety Guards?

During one recent year the British people killed in the streets in accidents numbered 2837, and 54,910 were injured.

It is suggested that many of these deaths might have been prevented, and injuries might have been less serious, if every motor vehicle had carried a safety guard to catch, or push out of the way, those with whom it collided.

If only a fraction of the suffering revealed in these figures could be prevented or lessened, it would be well worth the cost of this protection.

FLYING MAN'S COMPASS

FINDING HIS WAY IN THE CLOUDS

Why the Magnetic Needle Will Not Work in the Air

A CLEVER DEVICE

A new kind of compass has just been perfected which will be of immense benefit to airmen.

On the sea vessels, large and small, find their way about and steer to their destinations by means of the mariner's compass; but in the air the ordinary compass has been of very little use owing to the needle's erratic behaviour.

In the earlier years of the war this action of the needle was a great puzzle to men of science, and all sorts of explanations were given to account for it. Some thought that electrified clouds had a magnetic effect which caused the compass needle to wander.

Recent study, however, has shown the true reason, and enabled the difficulties to be overcome to such an extent that an air compass can now be made that is as useful and accurate as a mariner's.

Pendulum Stands on its Head

A vessel on the sea, of course, rolls with the motion of the waves, but the deviation from the horizontal is not too great for the compass to adjust itself readily and rapidly, as the card and needle are arranged in a bowl supported by gimbals, or rings, that keep it horizontal as the vessel moves.

In the air, however, matters are very different. The motion of the aeroplane is far more violent. To understand the effect upon the compass we must remember what happens to a pendulum.

If we fix a weight to a string, and hold this in our hand while standing on a ship's deck, the weight will swing as the vessel rolls. But if we hold a similar pendulum on an aeroplane while it banks or loops the loop the string with the weight at the end will remain practically perpendicular to the floor, so that when the craft is upside down the weight is standing on its head, as it were. This is due to centrifugal force, owing to the aeroplane's great speed.

The Needle's Dip

Now, the needle of a mariner's compass carried on an aeroplane acts in just the same way. As most of us know, a magnetic needle dips, that is, as it gets nearer to either of the magnetic poles of the Earth one end dips down, and in order to keep the needle of a compass horizontal the opposite end is weighted. The dip is not, of course, the same in all places: it varies with the distance from the magnetic pole.

Obviously, when an aeroplane is banking or looping the loop, and the compass is acting like the pendulum, the needle is out of the horizontal. But the position of the Earth's magnetic poles remains the same, and, therefore, as the motion of a needle is entirely due to the attraction of these poles, its behaviour when it is badly out of the horizontal must be different from when it is on the level. This is the cause of the erratic behaviour of the needle in an aeroplane.

Floating in a Bath

The great need when a needle has been given a twist or oscillation is to get it to right itself rapidly, and a compass has now been invented which does this remarkably well.

If an ordinary compass be stood on a table and a magnet be brought near to one end the needle will be deflected. Then, when the magnet is removed, the needle swings back, and in doing so overshoots the mark on the other side, and so swings backward and forward till at last it comes to rest.

By arranging a card and needle in a bed of liquid, and nicely adjusting the density of the liquid, the needle will move more slowly under the influence of centrifugal force when the aeroplane banks or loops, and its erratic behaviour will be stayed or modified.

DAVID THOMPSON THE MAN WHO MAPPED CANADA

London Lad Who Left Home and Did a Great Thing IN AN UNKNOWN GRAVE

It is strange, but very encouraging, to note how gratitude, long deferred, finds out at last those quiet benefactors of mankind who seem to have died neglected and forgotten.

An example of this just to hand takes the form of an old-fashioned trading post, with a stockade around it, which has been built in British Columbia to illustrate the kind of life lived by the pioneers in the Far West. The fort will serve in future as a museum and recreation hall.

The place where it stands is a summer resort on a lake with the name of Windermere. It has been built jointly by the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Hudson's Bay Company in memory of David Thompson, a man of whom not one educated man in a million has ever heard, but who was, perhaps, the greatest explorer Canada ever had. He died 55 years ago, in poverty, and the site of his grave in Montreal is not known. But this new fort in the west, illustrative of his life and work, will fitly revive and preserve his name.

Surveying 1,200,000 Square Miles

David Thompson was the man who first mapped Canada's out-of-the-way areas. He was a London lad who went to Canada when he was fourteen. Joining the Hudson's Bay Company, he travelled everywhere by all the primitive methods of pioneering—on foot, by canoe, and on horseback.

Wherever he went he made maps of the best routes, and in this way he surveyed rapidly twelve hundred thousand square miles of Canada and half a million square miles of the United States. He carried trade from the prairies over the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia. Rivers, lakes, mountain ranges—he placed them all on the map.

Though he had had only a meagre education he studied observation of the stars till he became the astronomer of the Commission that mapped the frontier between Canada and the United States.

And now he is known and honoured where his work was done, for his maps remain. They have been found correct. The fame he never knew in his life has gathered at last around his memory.

IS YOUR TOWN HERE? If Not, Why Not?

The Ministry of Health is responsible for the following lists of Town Councils, Urban District Councils, and Rural District Councils where the Humane Slaughtering By-law has been adopted.

If you are interested in animals being saved from suffering you may be interested in noticing whether your local authority is in this list of kindness.

TOWN COUNCILS. Andover, Brighton, Bromley, Chester, Darlington, Deal, Ealing, Eastbourne, East Retford, Fowey, Folkestone, Gillingham, Hereford, Kidderminster, Llanelly, Mansfield, Penzance, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Reigate, Rochester, Southampton, Taunton, Tamworth, Truro, Wallingford, West Bromwich, West Ham, Wimbledon, and Winchester.

URBAN DISTRICT COUNCILS. Alverstoke and Gosport, Ashington, Bedlington and Wallington, Bishopstoke, Bredbury and Romilly, Coudson and Purley, Chiswick, Dornfield, Dolgelly, Eastleigh, Fareham, Horsham, Walmer, Wantage, Warblington, Wallingford, Wellington (Somerset), Willesden, Woodbridge, Weston-super-Mare.

RURAL DISTRICT COUNCILS. Barnstaple, Bradfield, Depwade, Eastbourne, East Grinstead, Gower, Halesowen, Thanet, Orsett, Rochford, Taunton, Warwick, Wycombe.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A muffin man at Highgate has been fined a shilling for ringing his bell.

Wireless messages were recently picked up a hundred feet underground in an American mine.

In the race for the championship of Sweden a motor-car on the ice attained a speed of 105 miles an hour.

The Shakespeare Association has given 12,000 Shakespeare books to the L.C.C. for London school libraries.

Slow

A picture postcard posted 20 years ago from Peterborough to Spalding, 20 miles away, has just been delivered.

Huge Printing Order

The American Bible Society recently ordered a million and a half copies of a halfpenny Bible.

Nurse Cavell's Dog

A dog much loved by Nurse Cavell, which she must have patted not long before her execution, has now died, and is to be preserved.

Lincoln's Boyhood

A recent inquiry shows that only four people remember Abraham Lincoln as a boy in Kentucky. He is said to have been very shy and very fond of sugar.

Good News from a Library

The good news comes from Westminster Library that the demand for fiction, which used to be about one book in two, is now barely one book in three.

The 75th Boat Race

By winning this year's Boat Race, Oxford has now 40 successes to its credit as against Cambridge's 34. In 1877 there was a dead-heat.

Italy Rebuilding

Nearly 200,000 houses in Italy were destroyed in the war, and 180,000 have now been reconstructed. Of 900 churches damaged, 700 have been repaired.

Giant Wireless Horn

The world's largest wireless horn has been completed at Idora, California. It is 25 feet long, and has an aperture of 12 feet and a range of 25 square miles.

The Ancient Briton's Rheumatism

Sir Arthur Keith, the greatest living authority on the origin of man, says that every third Ancient Briton seems to have suffered from some form of rheumatism.

A Self-Inflicted Fine

A woman has sent 3s. 9d. to the West Ham magistrates as a self-inflicted fine for allowing her chimney to catch fire nine years ago. The money was given to the local hospital.

The Poor

The latest Poor Law figures for England and Wales show that one person in every 27 received relief last December. Until October 1921 the relief had not been so high for fifty years.

Eel Stops Water Supply

The water supply of Aix-en-Provence, in France, was suddenly cut off, and investigations showed that a large eel, weighing five pounds, had become wedged in the sluice gate of the reservoir.

For the Road Hog

To prevent motorists from approaching level railway crossings at a reckless speed some American municipalities have made a hump in the road a hundred feet or so from the railway line.

1000-Family House

A huge apartment house, which will provide homes for a thousand families, is being built in Cleveland, U.S.A., at a cost of nearly £7,000,000. Shops and a cinema will occupy the ground floor.

Wagner's Piano Sold

The Academy of Music at Munich is so hard pressed for money that it has had to sell the piano on which Wagner composed The Ring. It has been bought by an American collector and has gone to New York.

271 Times Across the Atlantic

Mr. J. E. Hargreaves, a retired wool manufacturer of Kendal, recently made his 271st trip across the Atlantic. He is eighty years old, has covered 820,000 miles, and spent altogether six years as a passenger on steamships.

THE WORLD STILL GROWING

1800 MILLION PEOPLE

Populations of Countries and Continents

BIGGEST GROUP OF WHITE PEOPLE

The human race is growing at a remarkable rate, and the new number of the Children's Encyclopedia reminds us that the population of the world is now approaching 1800 millions.

Some of the aboriginal inhabitants of territories now civilised by the white races are getting less numerous, but the white races themselves are still growing apace. Even the war did not stop the increase in the world's population; it merely checked it. During the war the population of the British Isles actually increased by about a million.

The only great exception to this growth of population is afforded by France. The French population has been dwindling for a long time. France has now only 39,000,000 people, including the population of Alsace-Lorraine, the territory restored to her by the Peace Treaty. Yet as recently as 1911 France, without Alsace-Lorraine, had a population of 39,600,000. Thus, with Alsace-Lorraine, she has today 300,000 people less than she had ten years ago without it.

Half the World's People in Asia

Let us see how many people there are in all the world. No one can say precisely, because there are so many nations and races which cannot be counted up on census papers. Here, however, is a reasonable estimate of the world's population last year: Europe, 500 millions; Asia, 900 millions; Africa, 150 millions; America, 220 millions; Australasia, 7 millions. That gives us a total of 1777 millions.

It is reasonably accurate to say that the world has about 1800 million people, and it is very interesting to notice that Asia, which had great civilisations long before Europe, still accounts for about one-half of the world's people.

Next comes Europe, with about 500 millions. The rapidly-growing North and South American continents have between them about 220 millions. The 150 millions of Africa is an uncertain figure because of the difficulty of estimating the Negro races. Australasia comes last with only seven millions.

Here are the big white nations so far as they can be estimated in millions: Russia, 130; United States, 106; Germany, 60; British Isles, 47; Italy, 40; Ukraine, 40; France, 39; Poland, 27; Spain, 23; Rumania, 15; Jugoslavia, 14; Czechoslovakia, 14.

Russia has still by far the biggest group of white people, and it will be seen that the new Poland comes next to France. Germany has still 60 millions after her loss of territory through the war.

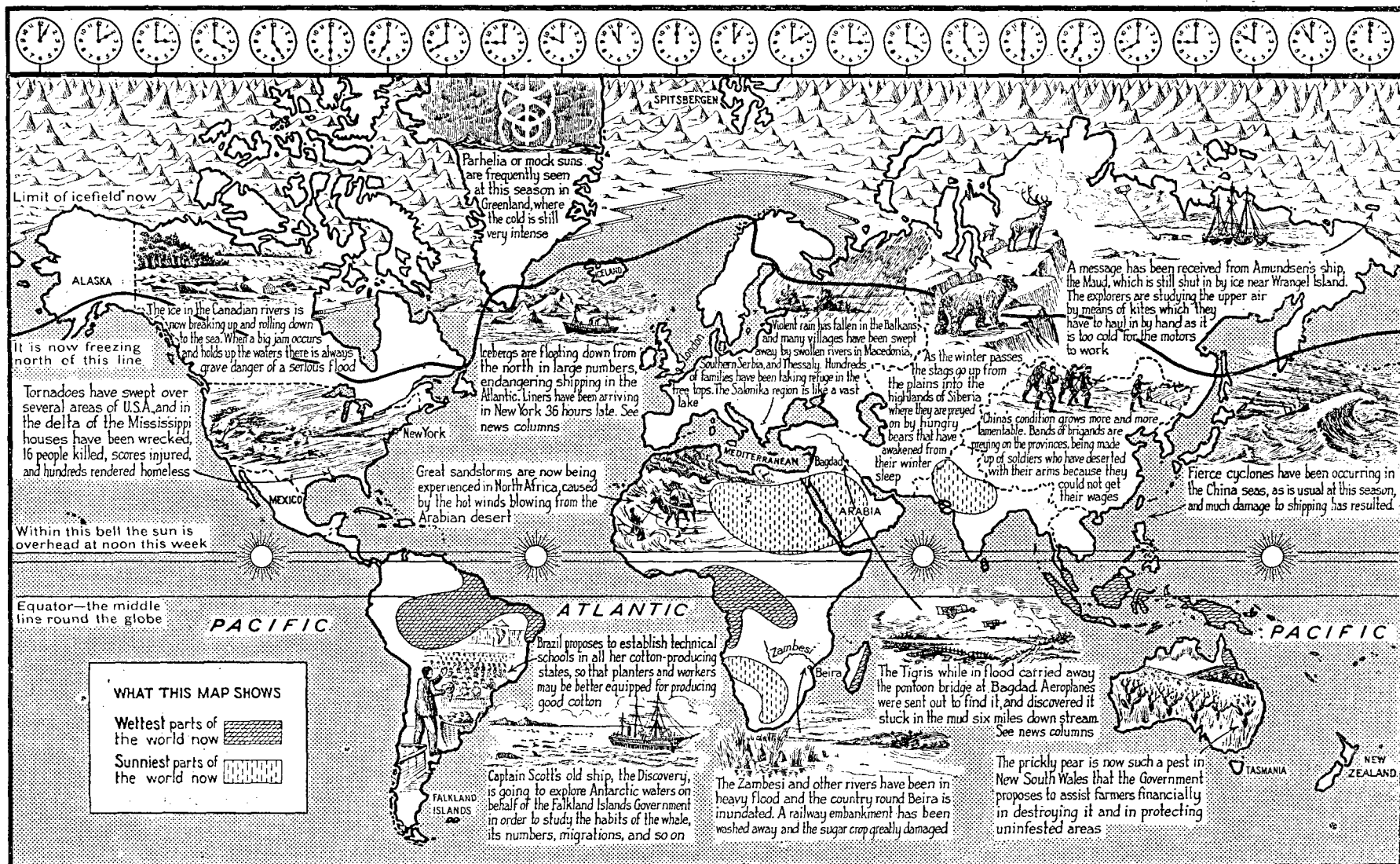
In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A pearl weighing 100 grains . . .	£6400
Three 18th century drawings . .	£3400
Cicero's works in Grolier bindings	£2650
Merchant of Venice, 1600 edition	£1150
Pendant of Mary Queen of Scots .	£1050
Othello, 1622 quarto edition . .	£850
Milton's Comus, 1637 edition . .	£790
Two bronze figures	£735
Mary Queen of Scots' watch . . .	£619
Persian woven silk rug	£294
An £80,000 castle in Ireland . .	£100
James the Second's ring	£65
Miniature of Charles I.	£51
A Jacobite wine-glass	£50

Captain Cook's diary when on the Endeavour (May 1768 to July 1771) was bought for the Sydney National Library, for £5000

PICTURE-NEWS & TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SCIENCE LOSES A GREAT LEADER

Sir James Dewar who Produced Solid Hydrogen INVENTOR OF THE THERMOS FLASK

The death of Sir James Dewar at 81 deprives English science of one of its most distinguished leaders.

Sir James was perhaps best known to the general public as the inventor of the thermos flask, but that useful invention was merely a small incident in the course of a series of very important scientific investigations.

His work covered a very wide field and ranged from physiological studies of the retina to determinations of the temperature of the sun; but most of his researches dealt with the nature and properties of atmospheric air and with the liquefaction of gases. In 1898 he liquefied for the first time hydrogen, and in 1899 succeeded in solidifying it.

In the course of his distinguished career Sir James received the highest awards given to men of science, including the Rumford medal from the Royal Society; the Hodgkins medal from the Smithsonian Institute; the Lavoisier medal from the French Academy of Sciences, and the Matteucci medal from the Italian Society of Sciences; and in 1908 he was knighted.

NEW MOTOR BRAKE Using the Exhaust Gases

As motor lorries get bigger and bigger, the problem of controlling them becomes more difficult.

A new type of big lorry is soon to be seen on the road with six wheels and a brake, like the brake of a passenger train, worked by the exhaust gases from the engine. The engine will pump a proportion of its exhaust gases into a reservoir until a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch is reached.

UNDERGRADUATES OF 70 Father Follows His Sons to College

NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN

Mr. Edward Beaumont has been demonstrating his belief in the old adage, "It is never too late to learn," by becoming an undergraduate at Oxford University, though he is the father of two graduates and has already passed the age of three score and ten.

For most of his life Mr. Beaumont was head of a large drapery and furnishing establishment, and he is still director of a publishing firm. A friend, Mr. Harry Painter, associated with him in business and about the same age, has also recently become an undergrad.

Surely both these "old boys" are splendid and instructive illustrations of the art of keeping young. So long as a man is increasing in knowledge and wisdom, he will never grow really old. He may no longer be able to row stroke in the Oxford boat, or to run a hurdle race; but his mind, which is the real essential part of his personality, ensures him perpetual youth.

The men who cease to learn as soon as they have left school or college rapidly become old fogies, but the men who go on learning keep young and interested in life as long as they live; and we shall not be at all surprised to hear that Mr. Beaumont and Mr. Painter take and read the C.N. regularly.

RATS DAMAGE A ROAD A Sewer Undermined

The damage done by rats is constantly being brought to notice, and a striking instance has just occurred in London.

A subsidence took place in a road in North London, and investigation showed that this was due to rats burrowing in the subsoil. They had damaged a sewer so badly that 552 feet have to be relaid at a cost of £825.

THE BITER BIT A Siren's Song to Lure Mosquitoes

The device of luring an animal by imitating the cry of its mate is probably prehistoric, but it has been left to modern man to apply the method to the mosquito.

An American, Nathaniel Morgan, has invented a mosquito trap, consisting of a violin string, violin bow, and suction fan.

The bow scrapes the string and faithfully reproduces the female mosquito's high soprano serenade, and when the male comes along to see what is the matter the suction fan gently pulls him in and deposits him on a piece of flypaper. It is like the siren's song that lured the mariners to destruction.

The idea seems ingenious and excellent, but it has plainly one great flaw; for it only entraps the males, and it is the female mosquitoes that inoculate malaria.

EINSTEIN'S NEW DISCOVERY

Will it Solve the Problem of Gravitation?

The Neue Freie Presse of Vienna reports that Professor Einstein has made a discovery even more sensational than his theory of relativity.

The discovery was made during a voyage in the Indian Ocean while he was investigating the properties of amber, and it deals with the relation between gravitation and terrestrial magnetism.

The scientific world is waiting anxiously to know details of this discovery, which may throw new light on the mystery of gravitation.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Anaesthetic.	An-es-thet-ik
Bernhardt	Bern-hart
Czecho-Slovakia	Chek-o-Slo-vah-ke-ah
Jugo-Slavia	Yu-go-Slah-vc-ah
Lyrid	Li-rid
Ukraine	U-krain

BAGDAD IN DANGER The Tigris Bursts its Banks AEROPLANES HUNT FOR A LOST BRIDGE

The mighty Tigris, swollen by melted snow from the Kurdistan Mountains, has burst its left bank seventeen miles north of Bagdad, and Bagdad itself has been almost surrounded by water.

The bridge at Mosul has been badly damaged, and the pontoon bridge at Bagdad, built during the war, was broken and carried down the stream. Aeroplanes were sent out to find it and to warn steamers coming up the river of their danger.

Eventually the derelict bridge was found wedged in the mud about six miles below Bagdad. See World Map

PASSING OF A GREAT ACTRESS

Sarah Bernhardt's Half Century on the Stage

Sarah Bernhardt, born in 1845, and for more than fifty years the greatest figure of the French stage, has passed away at Paris in her 78th year.

All critics are agreed that she was one of the greatest actresses who ever lived. She had a superbly beautiful voice, extraordinary emotional powers, and great personal magnetism. In every part that she played she achieved a notable triumph.

In 1915 she met with a stage accident, and her right leg was amputated; but even after this she continued to play. She told the doctors: "I agree to be mutilated, but I decline to be helpless. Work is my very life."

She appeared last in London about two years ago in the play Daniel, and was given a great ovation.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

APRIL 14 1923

Manners

A MAN who has thought a great deal about many matters and has known many people has just written a book in which he says, among other things, that "the height of bad manners is to be rude to servants."

We agree. It is a very true saying which we may usefully think about.

Good manners are made up of modesty and consideration for others. A modest man is not a man who has no confidence or belief in himself. On the contrary, the modest man is one who is wise enough to know the extent of his own knowledge and of his own ignorance.

Just because he realises the true boundaries of his powers he neither pretends to be ignorant of what he knows, nor to know that of which he is ignorant. He is wise enough to compare the little he knows with all there is to know.

That is why a learned and clever man is so often found to be exceedingly modest. Feeling himself to be a humble student, he is ever eager to learn, and knows well that the humblest child he is brought in contact with may have in its keeping a new idea.

This true modesty saves a man from all self-consciousness, which is merely being troubled as to what other people think of us. The modest man does not worry about what other people may think of him. He is what he is, and is not ashamed to know himself. And the false shame of fearing what others think is unknown to him.

It is extremely important, if we desire to be happy and to give happiness, that we should have one code of manners for all occasions and all people based on consideration for others. If we have an entire wardrobe of coats of manners, used for different occasions and changed for different people, we may be sure we have no good manners at all.

There is the man who has one coat of manners for his employer, another for whoever works under him, another for what is called Company, another for his wife, another for his servant. They are ill-fitting garments, and are rarely worn comfortably. All the good manners we need may be summed up by saying that we should deal with all people with modesty and consideration.

It is particularly bad when a man is rude or inconsiderate to whoever he deems to be his inferior. It is terrible to see a well-to-do man being rude to a waiter or a porter; or to see a woman speaking rudely to a shopgirl or a bus conductor. Difference in social position does not mean that the rich man is superior to the poor man.

Let us be as wise as we can and as modest as we can; and let us be thoughtful for all.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Yellow Stuff

WE noted the other day an interesting remark by that marvelous fellow Houdini, who jumped from one aeroplane to another in mid-air. He said that when he is going to jump at these tremendous altitudes he has to stand for several minutes "swallowing the yellow stuff every man has in him." Then something within him tells him the right moment has come, and he jumps. After that feeling of perfect safety "it all comes as easy as stepping off a log." He says this is the universal experience of all men who do such astounding things.

Dear, Dirty London

"OF all the wonderful places I have visited and seen," says a lady traveller now back in England, "dear, dirty, dingy London holds my heart."

Too many people speak like this. It sounds affectionate. It makes a simple appeal to the heart. It pleases everybody. But it is pure nonsense. No love could be more stupid than a love for dirt and dinginess.

This lady traveller, we may be sure, lives in a beautiful house with bright and cheerful rooms. Also we may be sure that a housemaid who neglected to dust her stairs, a parlourmaid who laid her dinner on a dirty cloth, would soon get anything but an affectionate opinion of their services from this sentimental lady. Nothing will persuade us that she would entertain the same feeling about London if she lived in a slum.

The only sense to be made out of her statement is that London is dear to her, not because of its dirtiness and dinginess, but in spite of those disgraceful blemishes. It is easy for those who live in bright and happy houses to speak lightly of London's dirt and dinginess, but what of the millions who live in misery? What of the children of the slums? What of the invalids who fight for health in dark streets and mean courts, with never a glimpse of brightness or beauty? We should like our lady to hear their views of dirt and dinginess.

The Danger Film

THE film, which could do so much to save the world if the men behind it cared enough about it, has a long way to go before it becomes a blessing to mankind.

But one film danger, at any rate, is likely to go soon, for the inflammable film is threatened at last. The Head of the Paris Police has forbidden the use of celluloid films after next year, and a bill is now before Congress at Washington prohibiting the transport of such films from one State to another.

We very much hope that these dangerous films will soon be prohibited in Great Britain, and that the danger of cinema fires may pass away.

The C.N. and Peter Pan

A GOOD friend sends us a good story from the office in which the Editor of the C.N. began his journalism.

Long ago there came there before him another journalist, whose wage was very small and who one day asked for more. The proprietor could not give him more, but said encouragingly to the young man: "You go to London; you will get on."

The proprietor died not long ago leaving a fortune, and the young man who came to London and got on is known all the world over as the creator of Peter Pan.

Through that office in Nottingham, it may be said, have come two things of interest to most of us—the C.N. and Peter Pan.

Tip-Cat

ACCORDING to a politician, the land is forgotten in England. Some would even like to forget the landlord.

ELECTRICITY travels over eleven million miles in a minute. You would never think it, judging by some electric trams.

A VISITOR declares that we cannot laugh anywhere in London. Somebody should take him to see some of our statues.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If scorching motorists
should be
water-cooled

THE unselfish seldom get what they deserve. Sometimes they do not even deserve what they get.

PRACTICAL tailors are said to be dying out. Tired, no doubt, of living in.

THE profiteer is a man, says somebody, who

will not do an honest day's work. Glad there is something he won't do.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know why we are losing all our national habits. We are asking the Controller of Customs.

ACCORDING to a critic, the great artist makes his brush talk. Otherwise he could never paint a speaking likeness.

STRANGE things are said to be left in theatres. We have often wondered how they got some of their plays.

To a Poet a Thousand Years Hence

I who am dead a thousand years,
And wrote this sweet archaic song,
Send you my words for messengers
The way I shall not pass along.

O friend unseen, unborn, unknown,
Student of our sweet English tongue,
Read out my words at night, alone:
I was a poet; I was young.

Since I can never see your face,
And never shake you by the hand,
I send my soul through time and space
To greet you; you will understand.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

The Tame Policemen

By Our Country Girl

HAVE you ever seen a tame policeman?

They differ from the majestic creatures who control the traffic as lions at the Zoo differ from lions that roar on the plains of Libya.

I suppose we all have a rather fearful admiration of policemen. They stalk amid the hurrying crowds like supermen. They are larger and calmer than we are; they know everything; they fear nothing.

Foreigners admire the London policeman above all our other natural beauties. Once France decided to adopt our system of traffic control, and anyone who has tried to cross the road in Paris will applaud the project. Six gendarmes were sent over here for training, and then took up their duties in the French capital. At the end of a week they were no more.

However, I shall regard policemen less awesomely since I have seen the tame ones.

The Dark, Cold House

It was at the House of Commons. All C.N. readers may not know that you can have dinner there; nay, the writer has actually eaten an ice in those dark precincts.

Dark they are, dark and cold and church-like, with low-roofed stone passages and high-roofed chambers in which you instinctively look about for the lectern and the organ of a cathedral.

I suppose one ought to have been chiefly impressed by seeing Mr. Lloyd George at the next table; by being bumped against by Lady Astor. But, as a matter of fact, it was the policemen who struck me most. No sooner had our cab drawn up at the entrance used by Hampden and Burke than a constable whipped open the door, bowed like a footman, and said:

"Are you dining here, Madam? If I may tell your chauffeur to drive through that archway you will not have so far to walk."

All about us we saw other policemen opening doors and welcoming the public instead of herding it.

But it was most marvellous of all when we left. "I'll get you a taxi, Madam," said one, and ran—actually ran—into the fog.

Would you have thought it possible?

A Prayer in Time of Sorrow

This prayer was offered by Dr. Johnson on the day of his mother's funeral.

Almighty God, merciful Father, in whose hands are life and death, sanctify unto me the sorrow I now feel.

Forgive me whatever I have done unkindly to my mother, and whatever I have omitted to do kindly. Make me to remember her good precepts and good example, and to reform my life according to thy holy word, that I may lose no more opportunities of good.

I am sorrowful, O Lord; let not my sorrow be without fruit. Let me be followed by holy resolutions and lasting amendment, that when I shall die, like my mother, I may be received to everlasting life.

FOUNDATIONS OF AMERICA

STRENGTHENING THE ANGLO-SAXON RACE

What the New Immigration Laws Really Mean

THE WELCOME BRITON

By Our Political Correspondent

One of the biggest things in history that always remains fascinating is the movement of races all over the world.

How did nations come to be where they are? How do they keep themselves separate as races, far away from the lands where they originated, though everything seemed favourable to their mixing and making a different type? How is it that the language most like the ancient Sanskrit of India is that spoken by the Lithuanians in Central Europe, a people of whom most of us have only heard lately?

Filling the Empty Lands

Numbers of questions like these arise when we study the movements of peoples by emigration and their settlement in far-off countries. And these questions are beginning to bother the more thoughtful people of the United States, whose land has long been like a "tip" where Europe has emptied its surplus crowds of all races.

For a while the American Republic threw open her gates to all who were adventurous enough to cross 3000 miles of sea. Now she is beginning to see the results of her wholesale welcome, and does not altogether like them. She wanted men to fill her empty lands, and they are being filled fast. Something like 110,000,000 inhabitants have arrived, and the Republic realises that it would be as well not to welcome all who come, but to choose good samples instead.

Selecting New Citizens

For the room that remains, America would like to have the best type of occupier that can be found. What she sees is that she has been flooded with citizens who often are not from a promising stock. A time has come when she must begin to study human breed, or she will suffer from deterioration in her manhood.

So she has started with restriction of entries into the Republic according to nationality. Chinese and Japanese she does not want at all, and she will only admit them under quite special circumstances.

Then there are uneducated, superstitious, and excitable Europeans, untrained in citizenship, of whom she already has enough; and so she has made a law that entry to the country for purposes of settlement shall not be allowed to more than two per cent. of the number of people of the same race who were in the country in the year 1890, or a third of a century ago. That was a time when the influx of the less desirable races had not become great.

Building Up a Stable Nation

At that period many people were entering from the British Isles, and therefore the percentage allowed on the 1890 census allows many British still to enter; but it cuts down the number of Poles, Italians, West Russians, and Balkan people who can henceforward gain admission. In fact, the present American restrictions are, by comparison, an invitation to the British-born to come in, and a warning to certain other European races to keep back.

Of course the Northern people, like the Norwegians and Danes, are felt to be desirable; and the Germans are not unacceptable. The Scottish breed is welcomed everywhere, and makes its way whether allowed or not. The Irish, though politically troublesome, are industrially useful. And even the Eng-

THE MAD-HOUSE OF THE WORLD

Our Hungarian correspondent sends us a story which has circulated widely there from its place of origin, Baden.

In 1913 the mind of a peasant broke down, and the poor man was sent to a home. There he lived for nine years, slowly recovering, and finally he was set free a few weeks ago as being quite well.

When he entered the home his family had handed to the authorities a box in which were ten gold coins, each of the value of twenty marks (about a sovereign), which were to be given back to the patient if he recovered.

The peasant received the box on leaving the home the other week, and called a cab to ride to the station and go back to his friends. At the station he asked what he had to pay, and was told twenty-five thousand marks.

"I didn't ask the price of your horse and cab," said the peasant. "I only asked the amount of the fare; and I have only these ten gold coins."

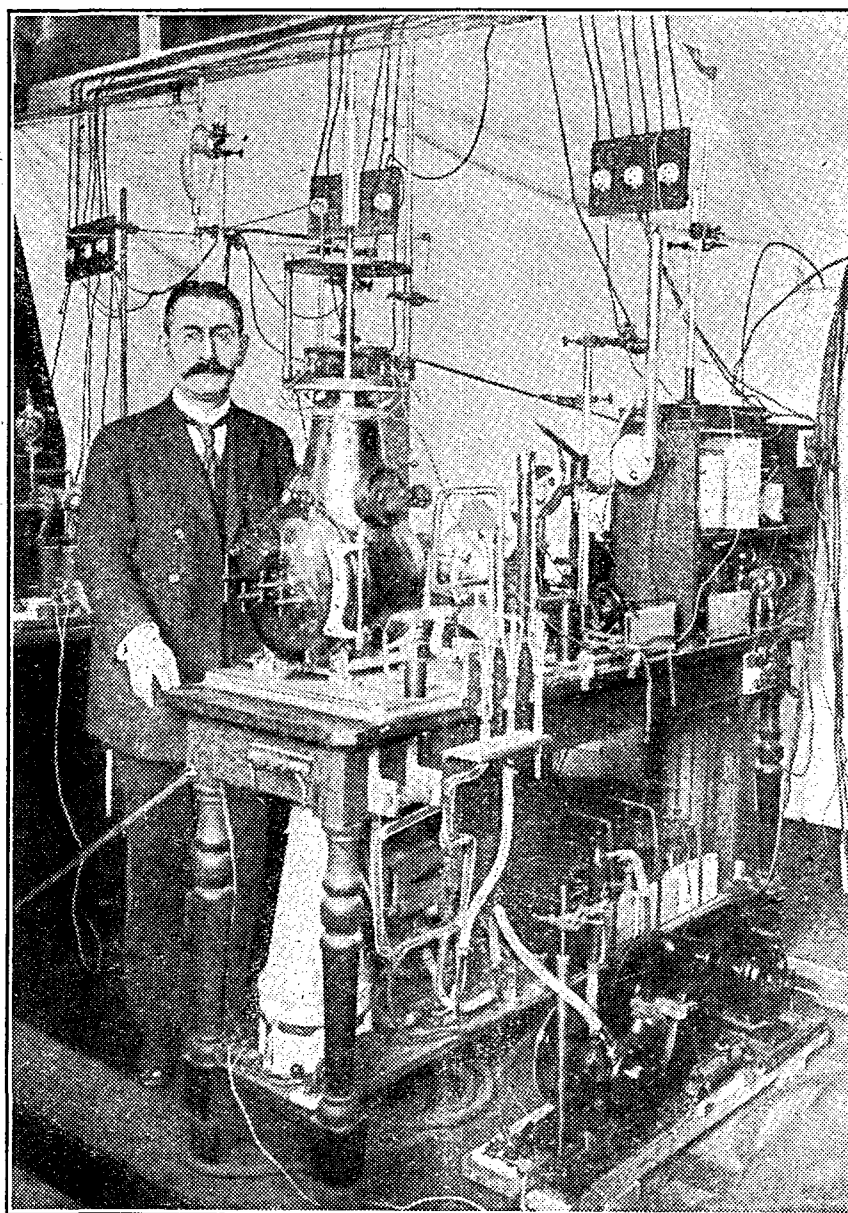
"Give me one of them," said the cabman, "and I will give you 125,000 marks as change."

The peasant, who was quite unaware of what had been happening to his country's money, said "Drive me back again!"

When he reached the home he went to the doctor, explained the whole matter, and said: "I have come back, for I feel that I am mad again."

Then the good doctor explained things to him, telling the man that it was not he who was mad, but the world! "Go home," said the doctor, "and behave as if you did not know that men are mad; you are sane enough."

RECORDING A MILLIONTH OF A SECOND



This is the wonderful instrument known as the cathode oscillograph, designed by Professor Dufour of Paris, which will measure the millionth part of a second, as described in the C.N. last week. The measurement is made by an electro-magnet and a cathode beam

Continued from the previous column

lishman, though he is not generally liked at first, because he thinks he knows too much and is inclined to hold his head too high, is felt to be capable when he settles down in a contented way, and indeed he is often found at last in a position of trust. Best of all, he and those who resemble him, are of the same general type, sturdy, intelligent, steady, law-abiding, who help to build up a stable nation and become welded into a united people, a true nation, that will hold its own honourably in the world.

Experience is showing that the more backward peoples, who form the lowest stratum and do the least skilful work, unite themselves together and make alien groups within the general commonwealth, so that they are not easily absorbed into the common citizenship

of the nation, though education is used with almost feverish energy to secure the adoption of the English tongue, loyalty to the American flag, and pride in American ideals.

America is beginning to see the need for building afresh on her original foundation, the manhood of the British Isles and of Northern Europe, and so the Englishman now is assured of a warmer welcome in the United States if he seeks fortune there than he would have had at any time in the past; and some part of that welcome, it may well be, is due to the world-wide feeling that in the strenuous times of war, upheaval, and shattered trade that have shaken the world and tried the grit of nations, it is the British type of thought and fair dealing that has stood forth as a model that may be most hopefully accepted.

WAS SHAKESPEARE SHAKESPEARE?

A TALE OF TALENT GONE ASTRAY

Foolish Attempt to Prove that the Poet was Somebody Else

WHY HE WAS HIMSELF

During the last half century or so hundreds of books have been published with a view to proving whether Shakespeare was himself or another man.

The idea originated in America, and the argument that the most majestic body of poetic drama in the world could not have originated in the brain of a Stratford yokel found ready adherents.

For sixty years there has been a campaign of increasing ardour in America, in England, and on the Continent directed to proving that some one else than Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's works; and now Paris is interesting itself in a new book by Colonel Fabyan, putting forth so-called "proofs."

Story of a Cipher

The argument is that Bacon invented a cipher and employed it to tell the story of his life, and to proclaim himself the author of the works ascribed to Shakespeare. To find that story we should expect to confine ourselves to the writings of Bacon and Shakespeare. But that does not suffice. We must take in, we are told, the writings of Spenser, Peele, Robert Greene, Kit Marlowe and Robert Burton. In them runs this magic cipher telling the incredible tale.

The cipher is made to show that Queen Elizabeth secretly married and was the mother of Bacon, and that he, not daring, as an unacknowledged son of the sovereign, to write plays under his own title, used Shakespeare as a name.

A Fantastic Argument

Now our French friends must permit us to remind them that others also have dreamed ciphers of quite another character, method, and story, to prove that Bacon was the literary Shakespeare; and that the first of the batch maintained that Bacon wrote all the essays of the immortal Montaigne, in addition to the enormously lengthy Anatomy of Melancholy, to which Robert Burton gave so many years.

The fact is that twenty men of the most varied genius would have been necessary to write the works with which it is necessary to credit Bacon in order to have material in which to work out these ciphers!

Of course the whole thing is fantastic and impossible beyond words. Can we believe that Bacon would be so foolish, if he had written these works and dared not reveal the fact, as to entrust the perilous secret to half the writers of the England of his day?

Shakespeare is not believed capable of the glories he achieved because they are so stupendous, but Bacon could not have written such immortal poetry; his mind was of a totally different cast.

A King of Wits and Poets

We cannot account for Shakespeare, but neither can we account for old Ben Jonson, who praised and criticised him; nor for Milton, who sang his fame. We cannot account for Marlowe, or even for Robert Burns. They are all pure magic to us. So is all genius.

We know little of the life of Shakespeare, little of Spenser, little of any of the great figures before the days of newspapers and cheap books. But we do know from many sources that Shakespeare was a king of wits and poets to the men who lived about him, who saw him at work and witnessed the fruit of his labours. They knew the only secret—that a man of magic was in their midst—and they loved or hated him, were proud or madly jealous of him, in accordance with their natures. His works are his monument; those men are his witnesses, and they do not lie.

BESIEGED AT SEA LAST HOME OF THE GREAT WHALES

A Crowning Work of Nature
in Deadly Peril

MUST LEVIATHAN GO?

By Our Natural Historian

The Discovery, the gallant little whaler which took Captain Scott on his last voyage to Antarctica, is to return to those icy waters to investigate and carry out a mission of mercy. She may prove the saviour of the last of the whales, for she is to go South to ascertain why certain species of whales are gradually disappearing.

The reason for the disappearance of Antarctic whales is the same as the reason for the disappearance of Arctic whales: they are being hunted out of existence. The merciless chase of these grand sea giants has practically exterminated the big northern ones, and it is feared that the last of the most notable of all the tribe—the Greenland, or baleen, whale—is gone. Those in the South are vanishing in the same way.

Surveying a Million Square Miles

Men have hunted whales for a thousand years, but such are the resources of the sea that the big animals kept up their numbers until half a century ago against attacks by hand-thrown harpoons. But harpoon-bombs, fired by guns, have multiplied in every sea, and they are so fatal that thousands of whales which would previously have escaped have been shot to death, and the great seaways are left devoid of their largest forms of life.

What the Discovery can do is to carry out the survey (asked for by the Government in 1920) of the last million square miles of water in which whale life still exists in any numbers. We have still to learn the full story of the habits and feeding grounds of the monsters which go up to the coasts of Africa to find nurseries in warm water for their young, and then return to the Antarctic to feed on the boundless life of those waters.

The Bar of Public Opinion

But already word has gone forth officially that protection must be extended to these splendid creatures, or they will follow the mammoth, the mastodon, the giant sloth, certain sea lions, and certain precious birds on the melancholy roll of the extinct.

Commerce is solely to blame for the peril. Anyone can send forth ships and slaughter whales right and left, and no one can say nay. But the sea and its fauna are not the property of any man or any financial company; and there is at least a bar of public opinion to which offenders must be called. A crime against nature too heinous for words is committed by these money-grubbers who slaughter without ruth down to the very last member of a species.

Need for the Nations to Act

If it be the fact that all the whalebone whales, one of the most astounding life forms ever created, have really been exterminated, our generation will never be forgiven by posterity. We have yet time to save the remnant of the rorquals and humpbacks, the whales which frequent the Far Southern waters; but it must be done by international action, as was done with fur seals some years ago.

In spite of that international agreement, fur seals were reported extinct in the Antarctic in 1920, and suggestions for restocking from other waters were made by the Government. But we can never restock the sea with whales, for there will be no stock from which to draw, even if catching were possible.

INVENTIONS & IDEAS

Things Just Patented

By Our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have been recently patented, and the Editor has no further information.

A FEATHERED PING-PONG BALL

This novel table tennis ball, patented by Mr. L. Tibbenham, of Gipping Works, Stowmarket, has a feather attached, which slows down the motion somewhat so that it can be used for a game on a small table, and it does not roll under the furniture as does an unfeathered ball.



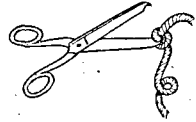
A ROCKING BARBER'S CHAIR

This barber's chair, for the use of very young children, is attached to the back of a rocking horse mounted on springs on a heavy base. Adjustable foot-rests are provided. The child can rock itself till the actual hair-cutting begins, when the rocking action can be stopped by a wedge.



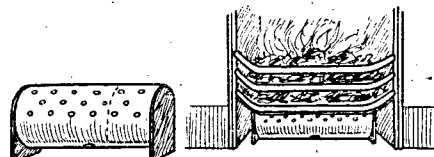
SCISSORS FOR UNDOING KNOTS

These scissors, which simplify the untying of tight knots, are furnished with the free ends with roughened, or saw-like, jaws, so that part of the knot can be seized and pulled loose. The arms are short and strong, so that a good grip may be obtained with the fingers.



TO SAVE THE COAL BILL

A telescopic cylindrical case of metal is made in two parts, one fitting closely inside the other. There are numerous perforations. The receptacle is filled with some substance like common salt,



that retards the combustion of fuel, and is stood in the bottom of the grate. The heated salt gives off vapours that slow down the burning of the coal.

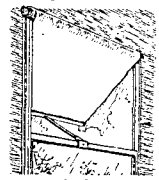
DETACHABLE SEAT FOR A CAR

This single seat consists of a single pillar, or upright, fitting into a socket, and on top a seat with a hinged back may be fitted. When not in use the back folds down on the seat, the seat is taken from the pillar, and the pillar from the socket in the floor of the car, so that it can be easily packed away.



AN IMPROVED SUN-BLIND

By means of a clamp and a socket a T-ended rod can be projected outward from the sash, and the indoor blind can then be drawn down, passed outside the window, and held stretched out at an angle like an outside sunblind. The blind is not injured in any way by this use.



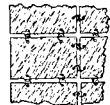
EGG TONGS

These tongs for taking eggs from the bottom of a saucepan when they are cooked are made of a single piece of stout wire. Pickled eggs may also be taken out of water-glass quite easily with the aid of these tongs.



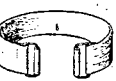
MAP LINKS

These links, made of metal, are attached to the edges of the sections of a map so that, if necessary, the various sections can be joined up, and the map as a whole be open to view. This would enable a complete large map to be put together quickly when desired.



A NECKTIE SUPPORT

This is an anti-friction device for a necktie to be used with a collar. It consists of a band fitting inside the collar, and at the ends there are loops with rollers, round which the tie moves.



LOOKING FROM THE SKIES

WHAT AIRMEN AND
BIRDS CAN SEE

How Men Lost on the Prairie
Find Their Way

WONDERFUL BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

It is a lasting puzzle to earth-bound man to know how migrating birds find their way, even to guess how the pigeon, which flies home hundreds of miles every week in summer, knows its route so surely.

There may be light on the mystery in a lecture which Mr. O. S. G. Crawford has lately delivered to the Royal Geographical Society.

From the air, he says, things can be seen on the ground which are invisible to the eye of a man on the surface. Landmarks caused by ploughing in the long ago can be detected; ancient earthworks of far-away days, unnoticed on the ground, are revealed to the airman's camera; and things which, even if seen on the ground, are seen only as a confused tangle, come out clearly to the photographer who flies.

Trails Centuries Old

Now it is well known to men who venture into far lands that the wilds are faintly marked by trails centuries old, where savage feet have passed. Such trails are easy to follow in Africa, for there the luxurious vegetation is kept down by hurrying feet of man and beast, and one follows a well-marked route. But out on the vast expanse of the Pampas, where there are no trees, it is different. Yet the trails are there; they have been beaten out by ages of Indians, llamas, and other animals.

The curious thing is that a man when on the trail becomes utterly lost. All sign of the track vanishes before him in the grass. But if he can reach a height and look ahead, there is the trail winding before him as clear as a ribbon across a page. When he quits the spot at which he lost his path, and looks back, there is the trail again. It is easily seen at a distance, yet invisible at one's feet.

A Bird's-Eye View

How much clearer to the eye of birds overhead must be the signs by which they guide their flight out of England in the autumn, and back to England and away up country to Scotland in the spring. Their sight is keener than ours; it approaches more the lens of the camera than mortal vision.

If we, with our limited powers, can see tracks sharply defined when we look from a height, is it not reasonable to suppose that birds perceive much that we overlook? We have a thousand ways of finding our route. They rely on eyes alone.

So that there may be more in "bird's-eye views" than we had thought, and, though it does not lessen our wonder, it makes less mystifying the feat of the bird which comes back from Africa to the very garden, the very bush, it left last autumn.

SCHOOL AT SEA

America's Floating College

A group of American business men have resolved to try an old C.N. idea—a floating school.

An old army transport has been purchased, and is being fitted up with classrooms, libraries, laboratories, and gymnasium, and is to carry a full staff of properly qualified professors.

All the usual subjects will be taught as the ship makes her cruise round the world, so that the practical value of the course will be incalculable. The term will be from September to May, the scholars returning in time to sit for examinations at one of the land universities, and the fee will be £650 a year.

WHAT GOLD COSTS

A Year at the Mines

SIXTEEN SHILLINGS TO
GET A SOVEREIGN

At a time when so many nations are engaged in a seemingly interminable squabble about how much gold they should get from or pay back to others, it is interesting to note that the mines of South Africa, whose returns for 1921 are just issued, produced gold worth over £40,000,000.

To recover this amount, however, cost over £16,000,000 in salaries and wages, of which about one-third was paid to natives; £14,000,000 for stores, machinery, and so on; and £2,000,000 was paid in taxation, mining fees, and in fighting disease. So that from an expenditure of £32,000,000 only £8,000,000 profit resulted; that is to say, a sovereign's worth of gold costs 16s. to get.

The price of gold is not steady, as is very often supposed, but, like that of other things, fluctuates with supply and demand. In pre-war days the Mint issued standard gold, composed of 22 parts of fine gold and two parts of alloy, at £3 17s. 10½d. a troy ounce, so that one ounce of pure gold would be worth £4 4s. 11½d. But during the war, when every nation was seeking to hoard gold, its value rose to £5 14s. an ounce, and, as this is written, the market price is £4 7s. 10d. a fine ounce.

But gold, because of its scarcity, possesses great steadiness compared with other metals. It is steadier than silver, or indeed than any other form of money. That is why most countries have adopted gold as a standard of value in the form of coinage.

LIFE IN A BOILER

Man Who Solved the Housing
Problem

Diogenes made his home in a tub; but Captain John McKenzie, of San Francisco, has almost equalled the cynical philosopher's record by living seventeen years in a big rusty boiler.

When the Captain's house was destroyed in the great earthquake at San Francisco in 1906 he crawled one night into a big boiler, and found it so cosy that he decided to take up his abode in it. He painted the interior white, and fitted it up like a ship's cabin.

At least he was safe from earthquakes. His iron house might roll about a bit, but it would not tumble about his ears. Yet even a boiler may meet with accidents, and one day the Captain was found in the street with his clothes ablaze. His fittings had caught fire, and the boiler had become too hot for him.

Still, he had only to wait till the boiler was cool, and then go home again. The fire will at least have saved him the trouble of spring cleaning. For him the housing problem has no terrors.

CHINESE TO DRINK MILK AGAIN

An Old Royal Decree

Some hundred years ago an Empress of China issued a decree declaring that it was selfish to drink cow's milk because it deprived calves of their natural food, and since that august decree the Chinese have given up milk and neglected dairies.

But the influence of missionaries has popularised milk again, and the Chinese are beginning to recognise that cow's milk is a valuable food for growing children. They are therefore starting to breed dairy cows.

The owner of a big dairy at Shanghai, a graduate of Cornell University, is going to attend the World Dairy Congress, which takes place at Washington in October, and intends to purchase pure-bred dairy cattle to start breeding-farms and big dairies in China.

April 14, 1923

The Children's Newspaper

9

THE WEEK IN GEOGRAPHY

LONDON

THE WONDER CITY OF THE WORLD

London is by far the greatest capital in the world, and the centre of government for an empire vaster in extent and mightier in power and influence than any other the world has ever seen. It is indeed the wonder city of the world.

But many people think it should be larger yet, and a commission has been having meetings, taking evidence, and writing reports as to whether it would be well to expand the city still more.

Besides the ancient city on the banks of the Thames around the northern end of London Bridge, the centre of the world's financial business, there are 28 self-governing boroughs in London, and ten other municipal and county boroughs joining up with them; and closely linked, also, are about 40 urban districts that have councils—some with very large populations.

A Centre of Life

Even these many governing authorities do not include nearly all the people who make London the centre of their working lives. Quite seven and a half millions of people live within the real London, but more than one-third of them are not included in the City and the Metropolitan boroughs. How far should they be included or share in the responsibilities of London? These are questions the commission of inquiry has not agreed upon.

The question of bringing in outlying districts interests all cities. Many of them have swallowed a number of outlying places, and so greatly increased their populations. Glasgow and Birmingham, Sheffield and Leicester, are instances. How far will London follow their example?

Cooperation in Government

The commission as a whole does not recommend that surrounding districts should be absorbed, but it does suggest a scheme whereby all districts within a certain area shall help the very poor and crowded parts of London where rates are high and money is scarce. Cooperation in this way, and in a number of other ways, is undoubtedly needed, as, for instance, in planning and managing the main roads.

The outlying districts will judge the desirability of inclusion in London by a calculation of how it would affect the ratepayers' pockets.

With the exception of Rome there is no great modern city with a history surpassing in length that of London. Besides Rome, only Paris might issue a challenge in rivalry. London was an important stronghold and port when York was the Roman capital in Britain. Its first bishop dates from 604 A.D. King Alfred made it his capital, and the Conqueror fixed his headquarters there.

Pivot of English History

It has been the chief pivot on which all English history has turned, and its guardianship of popular liberties is its choicest honour. Its association with industry and commerce from the earliest days is shown by the 79 City companies that still have a name, and many of them still an active life through their charities, though their technical importance has passed away.

No city in the world is richer in memories or more impressive in its varied beauties. Its present is as vigorous as its past is entrancing. Its cathedrals vie with Earth's finest in age and grandeur. It is a storehouse for the world's history in its museums and picture galleries. Its parks and squares preserve nature, without artificiality, in the midst of its amazing human traffic. To amuse it ministers through a hundred theatres. It gathers and spreads knowledge of the world's doings through some 25 daily newspapers. As a seaport it stands in the first rank, and as a business centre reigns alone.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question should be written on each card. The name and address of the sender must be given in all cases.

Is Sea Level Reckoned at High or Low Tide?

It is the mean sea level, reckoned half way between high and low water.

Can a Horse's Age be Told from its Teeth?

Experienced men can tell a horse's age roughly from the condition of its teeth.

Is the Water Moccasin Dangerous?
This small aquatic snake, often called the water-viper, is venomous, and is much dreaded in the United States.

What is the Gold-like Substance often Found on Coal?

This is iron pyrites, and small nodules of it in the coal often make that fuel give out a loud report and fly about when placed on the fire.

What is Floss Silk?

It is the soft outer covering of the silkworm's cocoon carded, spun, and made into hanks. The old name was sleided, and Shakespeare refers to it in *Troilus and Cressida*, "Thou idle, immaterial skein of sleided silk."

How Many Fish can be Kept in a Bowl holding a Gallon and a Half of Water?

Much depends on the size and kind of fish. We can always tell when too many fish are in an aquarium, as they swim with their noses to the surface of the water.

How is a Cubic Foot of Gas Measured?

Small quantities of gas are measured in a vessel over water, the water inside the vessel being at the same level as that outside, so as to equalise pressure. Large quantities of gas are measured by a meter.

Why does a Voice Sound Louder Through a Megaphone?

The bell, or big end, of the megaphone causes a large mass of air to be set in vibration before it begins to be scattered abroad, thus increasing the wave motion that carries the sound.

Are Gas-filled Electric Lamps bad for the Eyes?

The filling of the bulb with gas prevents the metal volatilising and condensing on the glass, and as a result the light is brighter and the bulbs last longer. Except on account of greater brightness the gas makes no difference to the eyes.

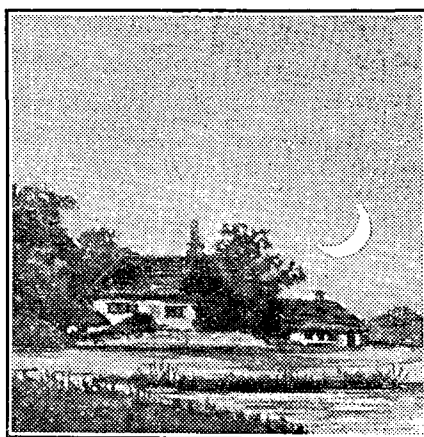
What is the Idea of Changing the Welsh Emblem from the Leek to the Daffodil?

The chief reason is that the leek, being a vegetable, is less romantic and less decorative than a flower, and, as the Welsh word *cenhinen* stands for both the leek and the daffodil, it is maintained that the daffodil might just as well be adopted as the national emblem.

Why is a Sailor called Jack Tar?

Jack is the French name Jacques, meaning James, but when it came into English it was regarded as a familiar form of John. In both languages the word came to be used as a general term for a man, and sailors were called Jack Tar, the tar being a reference to a material greatly used in the days of sailing ships and often covering a sailor's hands and clothes.

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 9 p.m. on April 19

What is the Size and Colour of a Golden Oriole's Egg?

The oriole lays four or five glossy white eggs, spotted with brown. These are an inch and a quarter long.

What Causes an Echo?

An echo is the repetition of a sound, and is caused by the reflection of the sound waves from walls or other objects.

Why is the Cathedral of Paris called Notre Dame?

Because it was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, who in France is called Notre Dame, that is Our Lady.

What does N.T.P. Mean?

These letters given after the density of a gas mean that the figure is true only at normal temperature and pressure, which is 0 degrees Centigrade and 760 millimetres pressure.

What is an Enclave?

Enclave means something enclosed, and the word is generally used of an outlying portion of a country which is surrounded by the territory of another state. There are many enclaves in Germany.

How Can the Study of Astronomy be Begun?

Any elementary work on astronomy from a local free library may be read, and the weekly astronomical article in the C.N. will give opportunity for practical observation.

What Does Tussilago Farfara Mean?

This is the scientific name of the common coltsfoot. *Tussilago* means I drive away a cold, a reference to the plant's supposed medicinal qualities; and *farfara* is a name of the white poplar tree, which has a similar leaf.

Of What Does the Jelly of a Duplicator Consist?

The jelly of a hectograph, by which copies of a document may be duplicated, is made up as follows: One ounce of brown Demerara sugar, six ounces of glycerine, two and a half ounces of barium sulphate.

Why Does Water make a Noise when Boiling?

As the water becomes heated air previously absorbed by the water is disengaged and rises as bubbles. Then steam or water vapour is formed at the sides of the kettle, and these also rise. It is the passage of these bubbles that causes ebullition and makes a noise.

What are the Habits of the Worms that Burrow in Furniture?

There are several of these creatures, and full particulars of their life histories and methods of destroying them are given in a pamphlet by Dr. Charles Graham, published by the British Museum at sixpence. It is called *Furniture Beetles: Their Life History*.

Why do Telegraph Wires Hum on a Windless Day?

Even on the calmest day there is some air movement, and the slightest agitation would make the wires vibrate, so that in the surrounding silence we should hear their hum. A strong current passing through a wire will also set up a certain amount of vibration.

Is the Sun Nearer to England in Summer or in Winter?

In winter. This may seem to be paradoxical, as we feel the Sun's heat less than in summer, when he is farthest away. But the amount of heat experienced depends upon the directness of the rays, and owing to the tilt of the Earth these are more slanting in winter than in summer, and so we get less heat.

Why are Some Races Dark and Others Fair?

The cause of the colouring in dark races is not definitely known. Some scientists think the oldest races were intermediate between the present extremes of white and black. Darkness cannot be due entirely to the sun, or paleness to an absence of light, as the Eskimos of the north are dark and there are lightish races in Africa. Probably food was a leading factor.

NEXT WEEK'S METEOR DISPLAY
STREAKS OF LIGHT IN THE NORTH EAST

Watching for the Fragments of a Comet

CROSSING THE EARTH'S PATH

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The night sky during the last two days of next week—April 20 and 21—is expected to be illuminated from time to time by exceedingly fine meteors, radiating from the constellation of the Lyre. It is because they come from the region of this constellation that they are called the Lyrid meteors.

They will appear in the north-east sky, and should be looked for from about eight o'clock in the evening—the later the better, since the point from which they come will not only rise higher as the night advances, but we shall then be getting farther round and meeting the meteor stream more head on, as it were, when a great many more of the meteors enter our atmosphere.

Where and When to Look

In consequence of this the best time to look for the Lyrids is the inconvenient time between four and five in the morning. Many, however, may be seen before midnight. The exact position from which they radiate may be easily found by means of the brilliant star Vega, the brightest in the Lyre. It will be seen scintillating very much, low down in the north-east, and, being by far the brightest luminary in that region, there can be no mistaking it. It is from a little way above and to the right of this star that the Lyrid meteors appear to come.

Some idea of the display likely to be witnessed may be obtained from that of last year. An experienced observer, Miss Grace Cook, at Stowmarket, recorded thirty Lyrids on April 21 up to an hour after midnight, of which, she states, six were as brilliant or more brilliant than Jupiter, and two were equal to first magnitude stars. By the way, Jupiter, the most brilliant orb at present in the night sky, may be seen after about nine at night low in the south-east. Another expert observer, Mr. Prentice, noted 71 meteors in five and a half hours.

Thirty Miles a Second

One very large Lyrid meteor, seen both at Ipswich and Stowmarket by expert observers who supplied precise details of its path, enabled Mr. W. F. Denning, our leading authority on meteors, to calculate a few interesting particulars. It first appeared at a height of 77 miles, and sped along a path 51 miles long, gradually approaching the Earth, until it vanished, by being burned right away, at a height of 49 miles, thus being 28 miles nearer than when it first appeared.

As its speed was estimated to be about thirty miles a second—that is, sixty times faster than a bullet leaves the muzzle of a rifle—what wonder that the meteor was ignited by the friction against our atmosphere and consumed so quickly, the bright streak, lasting nearly half a minute, being caused by the incandescent gases produced by the fusion.

Long Trail of Meteors

Any fortunate observers of these streaks will know that they are witnessing the destruction of a particle of a comet. In this case it is the comet that appeared in 1861—not the Great Comet of that year, but a much smaller one, that was seen first. This comet was found to have an orbit extending far beyond the known limits of the Solar System.

It takes the comet about 415 years to perform its journey there and back. Each time it does so it leaves some debris behind it in the form of meteors, and every year about this time our world crosses the path of the comet, and, plunging into the long trail of meteors that are whirling along it at some 26 miles a second, collects portions of the comet that is now thousands of millions of miles away.

G. F. M.

THREE BOYS AND A BOAT

An Exciting Adventure
in the Lonely Highlands

Told by
Vernon Bruce

CHAPTER 31 In Pursuit

THE pony and trap were soon harnessed by a surprised stable-boy. Leaping lightly up beside his two chums, Ian bade the stable-boy "drive like smoke," and off they shot down the drive, along the tortuous road to the station, some six miles away.

"Shall we be there in time?" queried Rupert, glancing anxiously at his watch as the trap spanked along the rough Highland road.

The stable-boy shrugged his shoulders.

"Mebbe," he grunted, shifting the straw he was chewing across his mouth, "mebbe no! But you'll catch the treen all richt, sae dinna fash yourself."

Whereupon he chirruped to his horse and relapsed into silence.

"What on earth does he mean by that?" whispered Rupert. "We shall catch the train whether we miss it or not at the station? I'll ask him what he means."

"Don't talk to the man at the wheel," admonished Ian. "He's doing his best, why worry him?"

However, it soon became evident that their chances of catching the train were very slight. They were a good mile from the station, and following a road that ran alongside the railway which they would re-pass in their train, when the sound of a whistle, followed by an ominous burst of puffing, told them all too clearly that the local train, ahead of time for a wonder, had already left the station, and was making its slow way toward them.

"And that's that!" groaned Ian. "If only we'd left sooner!"

"It's too late now. We've had all this rush for nothing," groaned Rupert.

But the chums had much to learn about the little peculiarities of a branch-line in the Highlands! Their driver, who had slowed the tired horse to a walk, suddenly turned his steed off the road into a narrow strip of field that separated the highway from the single railway track.

Putting his horse to a gallop he breasted the slight incline and drew up with a bump and a rattle, with the trap broadside on across the railway lines.

"Here, I say!" cried Freckles in pardonable alarm. "Do you want to get us smashed to bits?"

The stable-lad merely grinned and, getting down, ambled a few yards up the track, picked a blade of grass which he substituted for his straw, and began whistling.

"The chap must be mad," gasped Rupert scrambling out of the trap.

Just then the local train appeared round the bend, and the driver, catching sight of the obstruction in his path, applied his brakes, bringing the train slowly to a standstill about twenty yards away.

A tall man in greasy overalls climbed out of the engine cab and ambled toward the astonished boys, wiping his hands on a piece of waste.

"Yon felly's ma cousin, Tammas," volunteered the stable-lad, as the other approached, showing no sign of annoyance or even of surprise.

A few passengers poked their heads out of the carriage windows to see what was causing the delay. Some of them strolled up and exchanged greetings with the little group; the others returned quietly to their seats.

After lengthy inquiries from both the stable-boy and Cousin Tammas as to the health of various relatives, the stable-boy volunteered the information that the "young gentlemen were wishful for tae gang tae catch the Lunnon train."

The guard, who had joined the group, thereupon drew forth a large watch, consulted it, and gave it as his considered opinion that in that case they'd better be moving or they would be late.

The stable-boy bade farewell to the chums, who were overcome with amusement by the proceedings; the trap was drawn off the line; Cousin Tammas gave a final wipe to his hands and returned to his post; the passengers sauntered back to their seats; the engine gave a whistle, and the "local" set off on its way.

"Never tell me there is no advantage in living in the Highlands," laughed Ian, as he settled down in his corner. "If we had been on the main line we should have been beaten."

"The Highlands for ever!" agreed Freckles.

CHAPTER 32 Sir Henry Helps

THE Highland train puffed its leisurely way across Scotland, finally depositing the chums at Inverness, where they changed into the express; and some twenty-one hours after they had left the Professor they were standing, tired and dusty, on the platform at Euston.

"Look, Ian!" cried Freckles, grabbing his friend's arm. "There they are!"

The chums, leaving Rupert to mount guard over their bags, bounded after the retreating figures of the two strangers who were fast merging in the crowd that swarmed round the barriers.

"Quick!" gasped Ian, elbowing his way ruthlessly past indignant passengers. "Keep your eye on them, whatever you do."

But a crowd round the barrier arrested their progress, and the next moment they found themselves, panting and hot, their quarry vanished, gazing into the face of Sir Henry Wilton, who stood regarding them calmly across a pile of luggage.

"Morning, Ian; morning, my boys," he remarked, gazing at them, with an amused smile. "Upon my word, you seem in a fine hurry to find me!"

"Good old Pater!" cried Ian, dodging round the luggage to ring his father warmly by the hand. "I'm jolly glad you got my wire. We are in an awful fix."

While Freckles hurried off to find Rupert and their bags, Ian gave his father a brief sketch of their adventures and the reason for their sudden arrival in town.

"Poor old Debenham!" cried Sir Henry, laughing despite himself, when Ian had finished. "He's always in trouble—always was, and always will be. Of course, this is a case for the police," he continued, more gravely. "But, 'pon my word, I really don't see why we shouldn't play this game off our own bats."

"I say, Pater, how topping!" cried Ian. "But the brutes have got the start of us."

"That's true," replied Sir Henry, as Rupert and Freckles appeared with the bags. "But I've got the car outside, and, if we can reach that house in East India Dock Road before them, we'll see what a game of bluff will do."

Sir Henry led the way to the waiting motor, and soon the chums were racing eastward at a pace which left them breathless. Finally the car turned up a dingy side street some few yards from the house for which the two thieves were bound.

"You two fellows stay here in the car," ordered Sir Henry, turning to Rupert and Freckles. "You, Ian, I want to stand at the corner, and keep your eyes skinned for your charming acquaintances. The moment you see them, point

them out to me, and run back to the car. But be careful that they don't spot you."

After a wait of some ten minutes Ian grasped his father's arm.

"There they are, Dad," he whispered excitedly, and then, in response to a curt nod, hurried back to join the excited chums.

Sir Henry waited until the two strangers were nearly up to the house, and then, walking quietly up to them, said in a low voice:

"Be careful! The police have had the house under observation all day."

The nearer of the two strangers swung round with a startled oath. "What are you talking about, man? You must be mad."

Sir Henry smiled reassuringly. "We've no time to waste about that sort of bluff," he said. "If the police see you entering the house or see you in conversation with a certain person—here he nodded significantly toward the house—they would be on you like a shot. They don't suspect me. The only chance to get those plans to their proper destination at Southampton is to hand them over to me."

Sir Henry's confidence did much to quieten the misgivings of the two strangers, but they still appeared to be rather uncertain as to whether he could be trusted.

"How are we to know that you are one of us?" demanded one of the men suspiciously.

"How else could I know about the plans?" countered Sir Henry. "Nothing would have been simpler than to have arrested you both at Euston if I had wanted to. It was too late to warn you of the danger of coming down here, but there is such a thing as the telegraph, you know. Here is the address at which you are to report when you have handed over the papers," he added, handing them a slip of paper with his own address scribbled on it.

"It seems O.K.," acknowledged the spokesman grudgingly, feeling in his breast pocket and producing a large sealed packet.

Sir Henry felt his heart leap at the sight of it, but he gave no sign.

"I'll give you a receipt," he said calmly. "Then if anything happens to me you will stand square with Bolvido."

The receipt was duly made out, and with a cheery nod Sir Henry walked briskly back to his car, started the engine, and backed out into the main road.

The three chums, crouching in the tonneau, could not restrain their excitement until the car had passed safely out of sight. Popping his head up, Rupert was just going to address a question to Sir Henry, when an angry shout made them all

turn as one man in the direction of the pavement.

"Good heavens," cried Rupert, "they've spotted us! I've done it this time, and no mistake!"

"That's all right, my boy," smiled Sir Henry. "You've prevented those precious scoundrels from walking into the arms of the police when they called at my house, but that's all."

"But what about the plans, Dad?" cried Ian.

"Safe and sound in my pocket," chuckled his father, and as they drove home, he explained to the delighted trio the way he had tricked the two rascals.

CHAPTER 33

Back to the Highlands

A TELEGRAM, sir," announced the butler, as Sir Henry, followed by the three chums, walked into the hall of his house, some quarter of an hour later.

Sir Henry, tearing open the buff envelope, glanced at the message, and threw it across to the boys.

"What do you make of that?" he exclaimed.

Ian picked up the form, and read it aloud:

"Return immediately. Genuine plans safe. Debenham."

"Well, what do you make of that?" demanded Sir Henry, when the boys had read the telegram. "It seems very much as though you young fellows have come careering up to London on a wild-goose chase."

"I can't make it out at all," said Ian. "If the plans of the motor-boat are really with the Professor all the time, what was it that Bolvido stole?"

Rupert coughed importantly. "I have a theory," he began; but Sir Henry cut him short.

"Sorry to interrupt your flow of eloquence, my boy," he said; "but I am afraid you must reserve your theory till we are in the train, for we must certainly go back to Professor Debenham's place and get the matter cleared up. If we start at once we shall be in time to catch the afternoon express."

"We?" cried Ian. "Are you coming, too, Dad?"

"Why, you hard-hearted young rascal," exclaimed his father, "surely you don't grudge your poor old father a little amusement, do you?"

"It's not exactly that, sir," chipped in Freckles. "But there's a certain amount of danger, and so—"

"I see," said Sir Henry, a twinkle in his eye. "But if you three stalwarts promise to take care of me, I am prepared to run the risk! And now come along, or we shall miss the train."

The Three Inseparables, worn out with the excitements of the last few days, slept soundly through the greater part of the journey. Sir Henry, knowing what they had been through, allowed them to sleep their fill, only waking them for meals; and when they finally reached the dreary town of Inverness, where they had to change, they were fully recovered, and felt fit enough to face any amount of further adventures.

It was, therefore, three fresh and eager youngsters who sat kicking their heels with impatience in the slow "machine" that bore them on the final stage of their journey the following morning. But at last they caught sight of the familiar white house which had been the scene of so many strange adventures, and soon they were being greeted by Mrs. Crabtree with as much effusion as if they had just returned from a three years' stay in the Southern Seas.

"Where is the Professor?" asked Ian, disentangling himself with difficulty from her embrace.

"In the study," replied Mrs. Crabtree, nodding in that direction. "And that excited he is that not a bite of breakfast would he eat, not though I begged him ever so! Don't seem to know where he is this morning, and that's a fact!"

TO BE CONCLUDED

Five-Minute Story

A Tale of Soot

TOM and Maud arrived as Aunt Jane was just off to do her shopping.

"Mother sent us to help," said Tom.

"That is very kind," Aunt replied. "Poor Wheeler is still ill, and Cook was telling me there is no more wood chopped."

But neither Tom nor Maud liked chopping wood. Even the thought of éclairs and jam sandwich for tea could not keep them long at the job.

"I know," cried Tom, his wandering eye resting upon a sack in a corner of the shed. "Wheeler meant to soot the garden this week. He said the slugs were a nightmare to him. We'd better do it at once, Maud."

Maud chuckled.

"Jolly!" said she. "I expect Auntie forgot the soot."

Yet somehow that sooting wasn't as jolly as it sounded. All well enough to plunge bare arms elbow-deep into the queer, soft depths, but ugh! Didn't it make your eyes sore! Didn't it sting up your lips! Didn't it set your skin itching! And wasn't it easy to be blacker than sweeps in five ticks!

Tom and Maud finished off the soot job by tipping up the sack over some youthful lettuces. They did not feel cheerful, but they did feel heroic.

"Now let's go to the farm for the milk," said Tom.

Tom whistled. He was whistling as they went up the back drive of the farm, and paused to admire the broods of fluffy chickens and ducks. Suddenly strong hands gripped their shoulders and thrust them headlong into the dirtiest, darkest, most horrible of sheds.

"Got 'em at last!" shouted a big voice. "Yer wait till farmer comes back. We'll teach yer to steal our chickens!"

Crash! The door was shut, and they were prisoners.

Tom flung himself against the door, roaring threats and fury. It was no use. Farmer Jake's men had mistaken them for some gipsy children.

It was not till two hours later that Farmer Jake's rosy old face grinned in on them.

"Why, I think it's all right, sir," he called cheerily. "We've found 'em, though they do look more like sweeps."

Out into the twilight crept two forlorn and sooty objects. Maud's face was decorated with two white channels among the grime.

"Hullo!" said Dad. "What have you to say for yourselves, eh? Bath and bed is the order of the day."

It was no use grumbling, though those baths and scrubbing were most painful.

"Catch me doing other people's dirty jobs again!" stormed unhappy Tom.

Mother smiled.

"Perhaps it will help you to remember," she hinted, "it is best to keep to the jobs we really do understand."



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The Children's Newspaper

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Sing a Song of Springtime, the World is Going Round



DI MERRYMAN

FOR the third time in a week Tommy crept down to breakfast a quarter of an hour late, and Father was reproving him for the bad habit.

"You have been very slack lately, Tommy," he said. "Remember, it was the early bird that caught the worm."

"Yes, Father," replied Tommy, after thinking this over for a moment. "But the worm wouldn't have been caught if he hadn't been out so early."

The Up-to-Date Mole

SAID a clever and businesslike mole:

"I will burrow until I strike coal: Then my mining rights I Will persuade folks to buy, And in riches thenceforward I'll roll!"

WHEN does a lady knit without using knitting-needles? When she knits her brows.

Beheaded Words

MY whole, a useful article, Is found in every house: Behead me, I form part of you, Also part of a mouse. Cut off my head again, I'm that Which you would find you'd need If placed within an airtight place: My friends, to this give heed.

Solution next week

Is Your Name Hussey?

THE surname Hussey is probably derived from the French Houssaire, which name, in turn, comes from the French word houx, meaning holly. The earliest Husseys were probably French people who lived in a place which was noted for its holly trees.

OF what men can it be said that they belong not to the animal but to the vegetable kingdom? Those whose experience has made them sage.

Do You Know Me?

I AM a character well known in England and Germany and Greece, but not in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, or Spain.

I am a stranger to the rich and noble, but am prominent among gangs of gipsies and beggars. Without me there could be neither smuggling nor fighting. I always live near the end of the village, and appear late in the morning and evening, and also in the middle of the night, but am never seen in the afternoon.

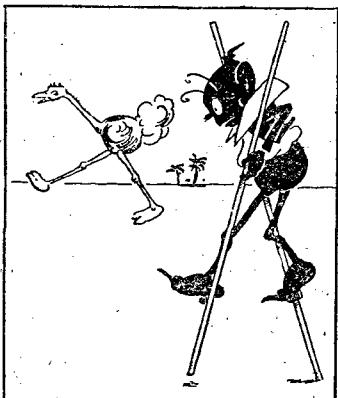
I am not a robber or a pickpocket, but I am always in disguise, and sometimes I am found in gaol.

What am I?

Answer next week

WHAT tongue often hurts you without speaking a word? The tongue of your shoe.

Long Strides



"UPON my stilts," cried Brownie Bim, "I'm sure I am a match for him! His legs are long, but mine are, too—I'll race that ostrich to the Zoo!"

A Writing Lesson

AS soon as Billy saw his father comfortably settled in an armchair, he gave him a pencil and a sheet of paper, and said:

"Daddy, please write down the figures 1 to 9, but leaving out 8." This done, Billy asked Father which figure he thought was the most badly written, and Father selected the 2.

"Then please multiply your line of figures by 18," said Billy. Father worked out the sum, and the result was:

12345679

18

98765432

12345679

22222222

"Very good!" laughed Father. "You have given me a little practice in making the figure 2."

The explanation is that if the figures be multiplied by multiples of nine the results will be all twos, all threes, all fours, and so on.

A Window Problem

A MAN bought a house in which one of the windows was three feet high and three feet wide. He decided to have the window made double the size, but without altering the measurements.

How was this done?

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Curious Word One—none

A Distant Relation

The young man was the lady's own son

Buried Rivers

Ganges, Thames, Severn, Po, Seine

Who Was He?

The Ancient Poet was Virgil

Jacko Finds the Post Office

ONE morning Jacko was very late in starting for school. The Paying Guest was still staying with the Jacko family, but somehow he and Jacko were not the best of friends. "Where's my cap?" shouted Jacko, coming downstairs with his bootlaces undone. "I'm sure Baby has had it."

The cap was found at last in the scullery, and Jacko was ready to start. Then Tou-Tou appeared, with his funny head-gear, his button boots, gloves, and a check mackintosh.

"I desire stamp, also postcard," he said. "You show me."

Jacko growled. "Oh, come on!" He was none too pleased, for the post-office was out of his way. They set off, Jacko striding on ahead, while Tou-Tou panted along in the rear, asking the name of everything he saw.

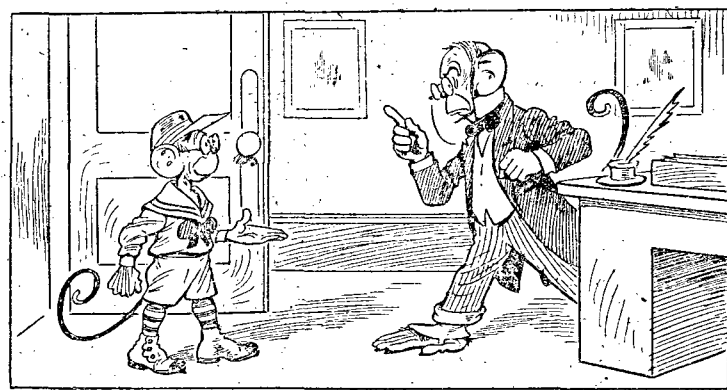
In the High Street Jacko saw the Town Hall clock with its hands nearly on the hour. If he went round by the post-office he would be very late; if he got rid of Tou-Tou and ran for it he might just get to school in time.

"Look!" he cried. "Go in there." On the wire blinds that screened the lower half of the window was a row of words in gold letters:

FOGEY AND FIDDLESTICK, SOLICITORS

It meant nothing to Tou-Tou. Jacko was already racing up the street. The little foreigner entered the open door.

He found himself in a hall, with a door on each side. One was marked Enquiries, and the other E. F. Fogey. Tou-Tou



"Twelve stamp, twelve postcard," said Tou-Tou

did not understand either word, so he marched straight in on Mr. Fogey Senior.

The old lawyer looked up in amazement. If you have ever taken a bone from a bulldog you will know what he looked like. "What do you want?" he demanded, in a terrible voice.

"Twelve stamp, twelve postcard," replied Tou-Tou.

"You impudent little wretch!" cried Mr. Fogey, jumping up and ringing his bell as if there were a fire. "You dare to make a joke of me, do you?"

The frightened Tou-Tou tried to retreat, but two clerks came running out from the other room, and between them they gave him a bad time before they let him go.

"I never said it was a post-office," pleaded Jacko that night, but the excuse didn't satisfy his father.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Telephone

Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill, sister of the Duke of Marlborough, in telling in a grown-up paper her reminiscences of forty years at Blenheim, mentions the great excitement the introduction of the telephone caused in that great house.

"When visitors came to Blenheim in the early nineties," she relates, "they were struck by those extraordinary things, the telephones, in the wall. 'What on earth are they? How do you use them?' they asked." And she mentions that the family lawyer advised her brother, then an undergraduate of 21, "to sell the telephone shares which my father had bought, as he did not think telephones had come to stay!"

Today the telephone is everywhere, and the story of its rise can be read in the new part of the Children's Encyclopedia, now on the bookstalls.

Le Téléphone

Lady Norah Spencer-Churchill, soeur du duc de Marlborough, racontant dans un journal pour adultes ses souvenirs de quarante ans passés à Blenheim, fait mention de l'extrême agitation que causa la pose du téléphone dans ce grand château.

"Lorsque les visiteurs arrivaient à Blenheim, dans les premières années des quatre-vingt-dix," dit-elle, "ils étaient frappés de voir aux murs ces objets extraordinaires, des téléphones. Qu'est-ce que cela peut bien être? Comment s'en sert-on?" demandaient-ils. Et elle raconte que le notaire de la famille recommanda à son frère, alors étudiant de 21 ans, "de vendre les actions du téléphone que mon père avait achetées, car il ne croyait pas que les téléphones fussent rester en usage!"

Aujourd'hui il y a le téléphone partout, et l'histoire de son origine peut se lire dans la nouvelle livraison de l'Encyclopédie des Enfants, actuellement en vente aux étalages de livres.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Lost Sixpence

MOTHER said, "Darling, I'm ever so sorry that you have lost your sixpence, but I think perhaps this will teach you to be more careful."

Jeannie answered:

"But, Mummie, I only put it on the little table by the fire while I looked for my purse."

"Well, you have lost it. If you had put it away at first you would have had it now."

"If only I could have found my purse I should have come straight back. I'm sure somebody must have taken it."

"Jeannie, you always say that. It is your own fault when you lose things. Now you must play with Baby John."

Jeannie sat sadly down by her little brother. She was absolutely sure that she had left the sixpence on the table. She began to build a castle. Presently her brother Phil came in, and she told him about it.

"Who was in the room when you left it?" asked Phil.

"No one."

"Absolutely no one?"

"Oh, I believe Baby might have been."

"Well, I guess he took it."

"No; he'd never do that, and even if he did he'd only drop it on the floor."

"Well, I guess he took it," Phil said again. "John, did you take Jeannie's money?"

The baby, aged eighteen months, stared silently at the children.

"He hasn't an idea what you mean," the little girl said.

"Well, I'll make him understand," Phil answered, and, going to his desk, he took out sixpence, and, holding it in front of Baby, he said:

"John, find Jeannie's money, like that."

To their delight the baby smiled broadly, seemed to un-



He pointed to a crack in the floor

derstand, and saying "Baby find" trotted off to a corner of the room. Kneeling down, he said, "Dere, dere," and pointed a fat finger to a crack in the floor boards.

Phil and Jeannie crowded eagerly over him, and there, sure enough, was the sixpence! They got it out with a penknife, and hugged Baby John.

"All the same," Jeannie said, "you're a bad little monkey to put it there, and you ought to be smacked." And she kissed him to make him understand!

Then and Now



Uniform of 1823



Uniform of 1923

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

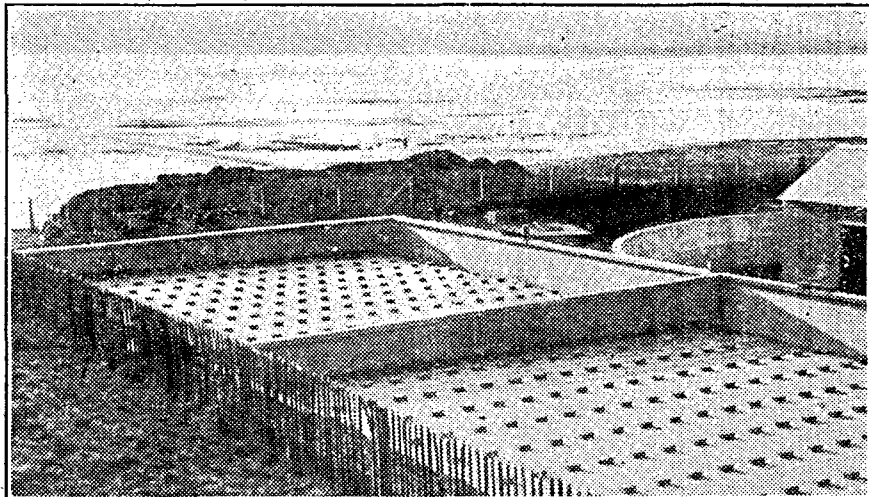
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

April 14, 1923

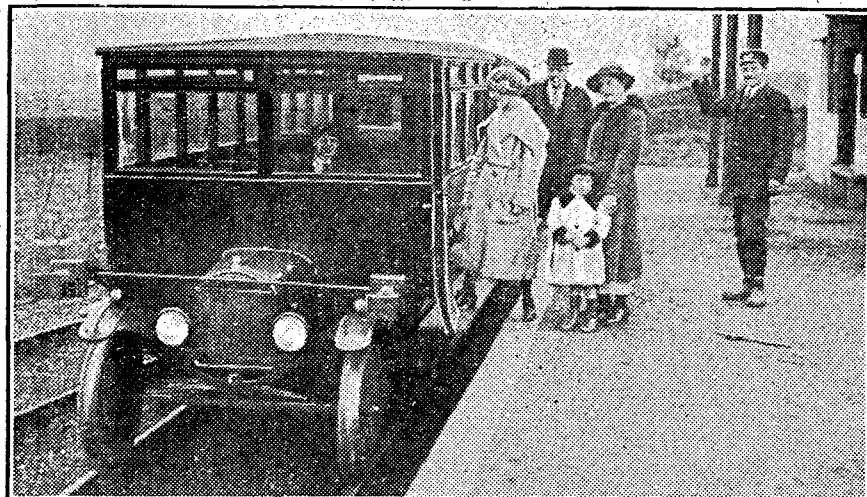
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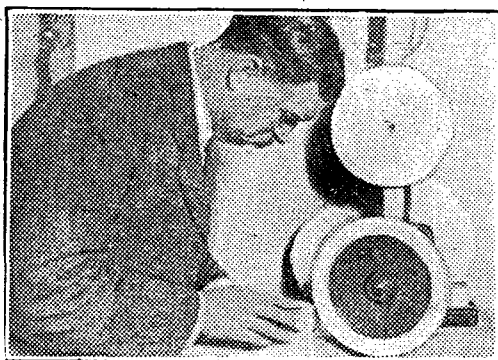
A MOTOR CAR RAILWAY · CUTTING WOOD WITH PAPER · A SHIP'S 4000 KEYS



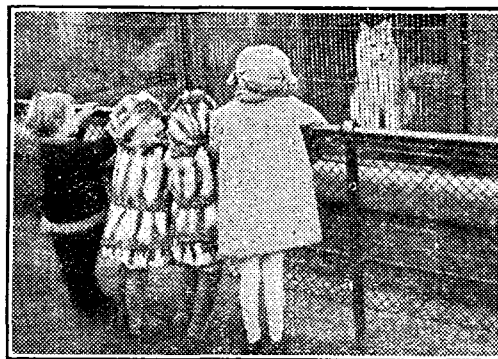
England's Largest Mussel Beds—These purifying tanks in the estuary of the Exe at Lymington for the chemical treatment of mussels to free them from all possible contamination will shortly be in use. The mussel beds of the Exe are said to be the largest in the country



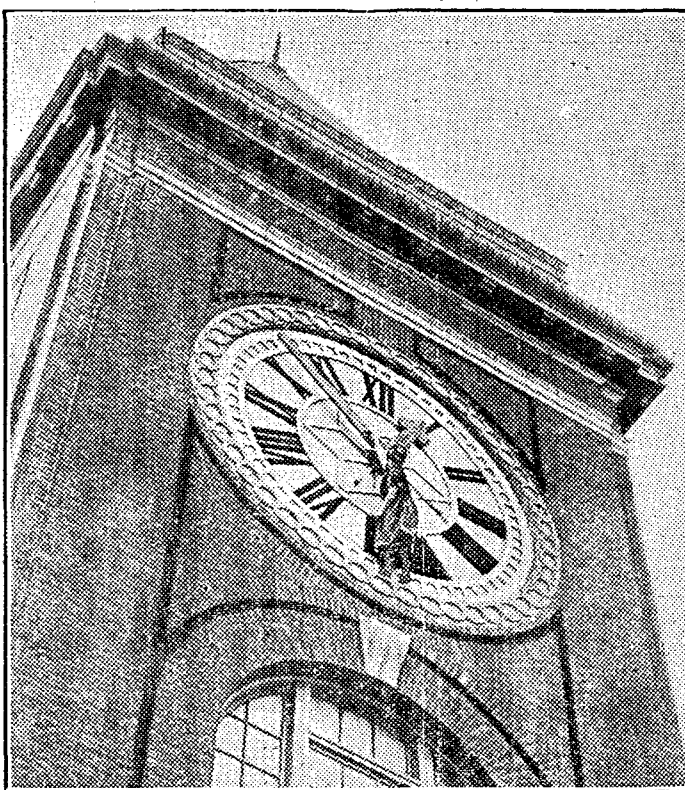
A Motor-car Railway—Passengers boarding the motor-car train at Bodiam, on the Kent and East Sussex Railway, where two motor-cars placed back to back convey passengers between Robertsbridge and Headcorn Junctions. The stationmaster is also porter and clerk



Cutting Wood With Paper—The latest circular saw is a disc of paper which, driven at high speed, cuts through a plank of wood quite as easily as a steel blade



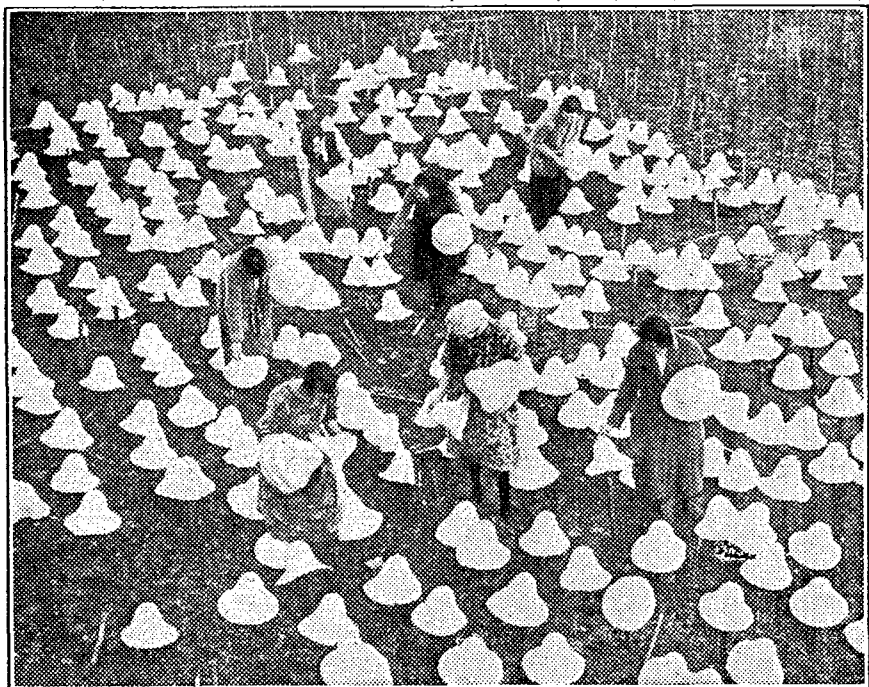
A Visit to the Zoo—The London Zoo is always sure of getting visitors, and here we see four little children greatly interested in the inmate of the lynx house



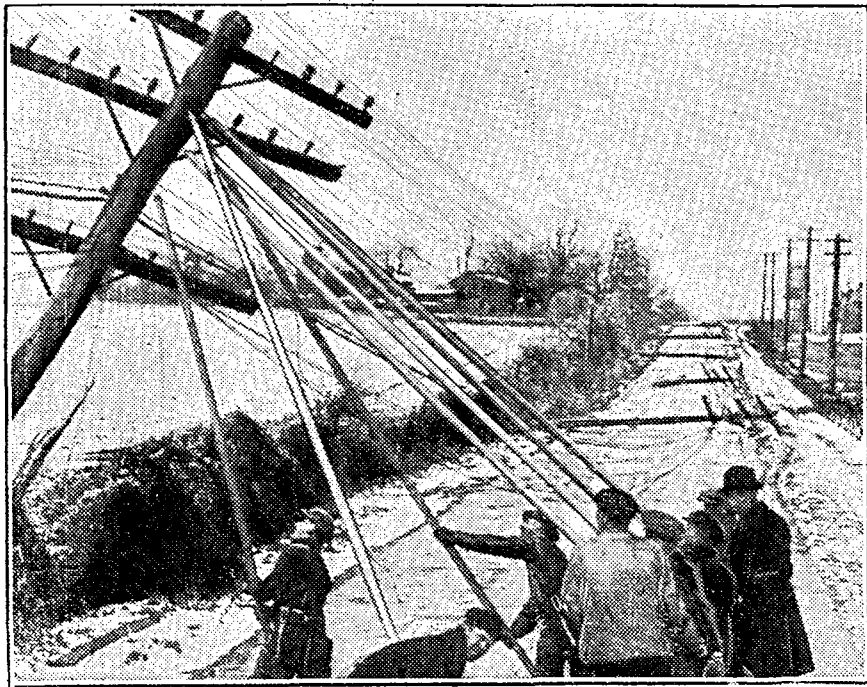
Woman Steeplejack at work—Miss Ruth Heine, of San Francisco, is a skilled steeplejack, and recently gave a spring clean to the city clock face, which is situated 125 feet above the ground



A Ship's 4000 Keys—The Belgenland, the new giant liner running between Antwerp and New York, has nearly 4000 keys, shown here on the keyboard



Getting Ready for the Summer—Straw hats for the coming summer hanging out to dry on posts at Elstree, in Hertfordshire, after being dyed. They look very much like giant toadstools



After the Gale—Re-erecting a row of telegraph poles at Washington, U.S.A., after a great gale which brought down miles of wires. The cost of the gale was many thousands of pounds

ALL THE WORLD LOVES THE C.N. MONTHLY. ASK FOR MY MAGAZINE. EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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